

# Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 3, 1970 80 CENTS

**UPSETTING MEET IN LENINGRAD**  
Surprise winner Shorter consoles Russia's Mikitenko





Their imagination? It really lets loose when they see unfinished furniture.

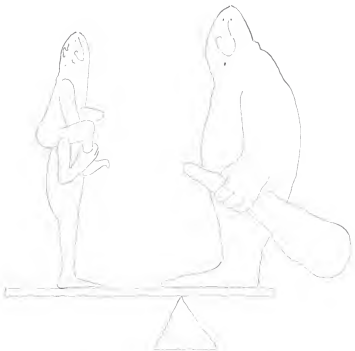
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And for traction, the unique wide tread design literally puts hundreds of gripping edges on the road at all times.

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ply Atlas Plycron tire. And, for even greater value get the new Atlas Plycron 2 plus 2. It represents the new order in driving economy.

And remember, Atlas batteries and accessories as well as tires are sold at over 50,000 leading service stations.

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## Next week

**MAN IN THE MIDDLE** is Tommy Bell, an NFL referee on weekends, a Kentucky lawyer weekdays. Whirling while he works, he even calls the time-outs for TV commentators.

**RUNNING A RIVER** like the Buffalo in the Ozarks can be a hairy experience even for the young and fit. Arnie Thomas Hart Brown caned down the rocky waters last spring at 81.

**GAMES PRISONERS** PLAY and some of the peculiar ways they play them, are described in an article by Malcolm Braly, whose credentials include several years in stir.



# Remember the first time you saw your name in print?

Winners of the 50-yard sack race were: 6-7 years old, Robert Saxen; 8-9 years old, Woody Connor; 10-11 years...

The the

There it was: woodyconnor  
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bold and strong and so big the  
whole world could see it.

Actually the whole world couldn't see it. But everybody that made any difference could. Your father could. Your teacher could. The kids you beat could. And they all did.

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"His book could well be the most provocative ever written by an athlete."  
—George Vecsey, *New York Times*

"Sparkles with anecdotes. It's funny, lively and just about the best."  
—*Publishers' Weekly*

## BALL FOUR

by Jim Bouton  
Edited by Leonard Shecter  
\$5.95

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TIME'S MAGAZINE

My Life and Hard Times  
Throwing the Knuckleball  
in the Big Leagues



## SHOPWALK

Too racy for a Ruffie? Too mad for a Duesenberg? The Ruger may be your car

If you're a car nut of a conservative sort but with a liquid bank account, if you like Rolls-Royces but feel they're a bit stuffy, if you like the looks of a 1928 Mercedes or a 1930 Duesenberg but wish they came with power steering—then the car for you is a Ruger. That's right: a Ruger.

The Ruger car is named for William Ruger Sr. of Southport, Conn., and at the moment there are only two in existence, both owned by the man who designed and gave his name to them. When Mr. Ruger puts on his visored cap, climbs into his bright yellow open tourer and takes to the roads of southern New England, pedestrians and motorists alike come to a halt to get a better look. Once, at a toll booth on the turnpike, he was asked by a booth operator, "What car is that?" "It's a Ruger," said Ruger. "I thought so," replied the man with a grin. "I used to have one of those myself."

Ruger's yellow touring car is only a year old, but it looks as if it had been built around 1930 and kept gleaming by loving collectors all these years. There is more than gleam to it, however. Despite its antique look it is a high-performance modern automobile with a tangleless body, built of the finest mechanical parts available today. Taking a curve at 60 mph, Ruger will observe, "Any engineer who looks at it knows right away that this is not an old car. It is too well made with modern materials and techniques."

Ruger is a youthful 54 years old and looks not unlike a recently retired race driver. He is really a gun designer, whose company, Starline Ruger & Co., Inc., manufactures fine revolvers and rifles. For most of his life, however, Bill Ruger has been in love with automobiles. He once owned a 1928 Stutz Blackhawk Speedster that was recently auctioned off at New York's Park-Bernet Galleries for \$15,000. "I found it in a garage up in New Hampshire," he says, "but I sold it in 1959 for \$3,000." Now he owns three Ferraris. His son, who helped develop the Ruger, owns a Bentley and his wife drives a Mercedes 300. Yet, despite all the well-bred horsepower available to him, Ruger felt the need to develop a car that would give its owner even more satisfaction than any car in existence today.

Five years ago, with the help of a group of Detroit engineers, he started to design the Ruger. "The idea was to make a very fine automobile according to today's best engineering standards," says Ruger, "but with styling free of the modern streamlined appearance."

The car he produced is a model of ei-

legant simplicity. The body shell and fenders are made of fiber glass, the doors—two in front and one in the rear—are aluminum castings. The engine hood, which can be folded up for complete accessibility to all parts of the motor, is made of aluminum. A modern copper radiator is hidden inside a plated brass shell which has a stainless steel grille. The wire wheels are by Buerani of Italy. The dashboard is of solid walnut and carries instruments made by Smith's in England.

Ruger's two demonstration models are equipped with Ford V-8 261-cu.-in. engines producing 425 hp at 6,000 rpm and a top speed of about 150 mph. But production models will be equipped with 429-cu.-in. Ford engines in the 190- to 375-hp class to comply with antipollution requirements. The four-speed manual all-synchromesh Ford transmission is extremely smooth, but Ruger's will also be offered with an automatic transmission.

The Ruger chassis consists of box section side rails, a crossmember center brace and four tubular crossmembers, all made of steel and painted to resist corrosion. The chassis is visible, like a tray on which the body rests. On Ruger's yellow car it has been painted a bright green, on his black car a deep red. "We do nothing to cover up the chassis parts," he says. "Many companies go out of their way to make sure that nothing shows. We let it show and make it look beautiful."

Not long ago Ruger hired Tom Hibbard to work on variations of the body design. Hibbard and his former partner, Howard Darrin, are the American body designers who won the Fut of Paris Automobile Show from 1922 until 1932 with their hand-drawn and sketched designs for such luxury cars as the Rolls-Royce, the Duesenberg and the Hispano-Suiza. Hibbard, who now lives in Camden, Maine, has already designed a Ruger sports body that looks much like the 540 K Mercedes of 1937, "one of the great luxury sports cars of all times," according to Ruger. Eventually Hibbard's designs will provide the customer with a choice of bodies that will retain the Ruger look but differ in dimensions and finish. Any one of these bodies could be mounted on the Ruger chassis.

Of course, such luxury does not come cheap. The Ruger, when it goes into production (and some 50 cars have already been spoken for) will cost about \$15,000 as an open touring car with folding top, either four- or two-seater. The closed sedan will range from \$15,000 to \$17,000, depending on its degree of luxury. "It's expensive," says Ruger, "but you will be having a great car, and you don't have to buy another one next year."

If the notion appeals to you, go to Southport and ask for a demonstration ride.

—ANITA VERESHCHIN





Elkhart Lake, Wis., July 19—American Motors' Javelin beats Barracuda, Challenger, Camaro and Mustang in the Road America Trans Am.

We took Road America the same way we took Bridgehampton—with Mark Donohue as the winning driver.

Donohue, who had the lead for half the race, finished almost one minute ahead of the runner-up factory-sponsored Plymouth Bar-

racuda. Challenger and Camaro finished third and fourth.

Mustang captured fifth place.

On August 2, the Javelin team goes after win number three at St. Josite. And we can hardly wait.

Nothing beats winning.

**If you're going to buy a sporty car,  
buy one that's going places.**

**■ American Motors**

# SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT CREAMER

## NO DOME

Buffalo's proposed domed stadium (SCORECARD, June 30, 1969) was deflated last week when the Erie County legislature refused, by a vote of 10 to 9, to approve a lease that had been worked out by County Executive John Tutuska and representatives of Dome Stadium, Inc., the group that was supposed to manage the stadium when it was built. The county had already spent almost \$2 million on stadium planning, and bids had been received on the various aspects of the construction job. After the legislature rejected the lease, Edward H. Cottrell, a principal partner in Dome Stadium, Inc., said he would institute a suit against Erie County for breach of an earlier agreement arranged in June 1969. "We contend that the management contract is now in effect," Cottrell declared. "We are in the process of acquiring a baseball franchise, and we still hope for a go-ahead on the dome. But in the absence of such a step we have no alternative but to institute lawsuits for breach of contract and other damages."

Poor Buffalo. Except for Dallas, it is the largest city in the country without a major league baseball team, and it has come very close to going ahead with its dome, which might turn what is a rather drab town into a center of excitement and tourist interest. But maybe they are lucky now, that (an old refrain) times are hard and money is tight.

## AGE CANNOT WITHIN HIM

A small discussion has arisen in Chicago over Leo Durocher's age. Leo says he was 66 last Monday (July 27), but the baseball record books make him a year older than that, or 65. Rumors persist that Leo will be dropped by the Cubs at the end of the season. If he does get the ax and decides that he is indeed 65, he could begin drawing \$1,945 a month from baseball's munificent pension fund. If he decides to wait until next July, when he says he will be 65, he would be giving up nine months of

pension payments, or \$17,505 (he could, of course, opt to take a 64-year-old's pension, which in his case would be \$1,813 a month, but that would total out to almost \$1,600 a year less than the full 65-year-old pension).

Either way, Chicago critics say it seems like a lot of money to give up for the sake of vanity, if vanity it is. It may be simply honesty or even modesty. After all, if the record books are right and Leo was 65 this week he joins an astoundingly select group. In all the long history of baseball only five men (Connie Mack, Casey Stengel, Wilbert Robinson, Charlie Dressen and Burt Shotton) have managed a major league team past age 65. Let us therefore no longer look upon Leo as a querulous young troublemaker. He is a Grand Old Man.

## TICKET TAKER

People are going to court over tickets to Kansas City Chiefs games, which is apparently a byproduct of being Super Bowl champion. Truog & Nichols, Inc., an air-conditioning firm, has asked for an injunction against its former president, Sidney L. Bair Jr., charging that Bair improperly kept the rights to 15 season tickets when he left Truog-Nichols. The company argues that the football tickets had gone to Bair originally so that they could be used to create goodwill and retain customers for the company. After Bair left the firm in January 1969, tickets for the following season were mailed to him in care of the company, and, says Truog-Nichols, Bair at that time made no claim on them. But after the Super Bowl game, the company claims, Bair induced the Chiefs to send him the tickets for 1970 at his new place of business. Since Bair's name had preceded the company's name in the Chiefs' records, this was done. But Truog-Nichols complains that this prevents the company from obtaining season tickets of its own for 1970 and, presumably, future seasons. This, says Truog-Nichols, will cause the company

to "suffer irreparable damage." Bair claims the tickets were always his and not Truog-Nichols'. "I simply had them transferred to my new business last spring or fall," he says. "We'll just have to wait and see what the court decides." What makes the issue even more burning is that the Chiefs' new 75,000-seat stadium will be ready in 1972, and one extra season ticket will be allotted for every two now held.

## SAFETY ZONE

A safety survey conducted by a British car manufacturer holds that girdles are a menace to motorists. Lady motorists. "Girdles quickly become uncomfortable," says the report, "and result in squirming by the wearer behind the wheel." Garters are dangerous, too, because their pull tends to lift a woman's foot from the pedals. "To overcome this she often pushes against the pull of her garters and consequently winds up going faster than she intends." Panty-



hose, on the other hand, or foot, are fine; they have resulted in women becoming safer drivers. There was no mention of skirts—micro, mini, midi or maxi.

## YAGCHOI

One of the saddest things in sport is what has happened to baseball in Japan. When a Japanese boy makes an error in a sandlot game, the others yell "Yagchoi!"—which means, bluntly, "Fix!" The boy teased yells back that it's a lie and the game goes on. But in major league baseball in Japan several

players have admitted that it is not a lie, that they have indeed fixed baseball games. Five players have been banned for life, and more than 20 in all, from 11 of Japan's 12 professional teams, have been linked to underworld elements. Arrests also have been made in bicycle and motorcycle racing, big betting pastimes in Japan, where gambling is the *raison d'être* for interest in most sports.

The scandal began last fall (SI, Oct. 27) when Pitcher Masayuki Nagayasu was banned for life. He more or less disappeared, but this year he resurfaced, implicated several of his teammates and claimed that the owner of his team had paid him off to silence him but had reneged on other promised payments.

"He's a playboy," scoffed Japanese insiders. "Very unreliable. Always has been." But after league officials took the owner's word that everything had been straightened out, members of the Japanese legislature launched their own probe. Four more players from the team were banned, and the owner admitted he had paid the black-sheep pitcher \$18,000—not to silence him, he insisted, but merely to help him "start a new life."

This casual and equivocating attitude on the part of owners and officials creates an atmosphere conducive to lax behavior, and this is aggravated by the low pay most Japanese baseball players receive. Stars command big salaries, but a run-of-the-mill player earns less than \$2,000 a year. He has little opportunity for investment or outside income. Where an American major-leaguer might read *The Wall Street Journal*, his Japanese counterpart stays with a racing form. And he and his teammates flock to the racetracks—horse, bicycle, motorcycle—where contact with gamblers, fixers and the like is all too easy.

Some observers say full disclosure of the extent of the scandal is yet to come. "What we know now," says one, "is just the tail of the elephant."

#### SUMMERTIME

It is midsummer in Boston, and the scene is typical: here come a couple of kids in Bermuda shorts and sandals, carrying ice skates and a hockey stick. There are five major ice rinks operating all summer in the Greater Boston area—the Weymouth Skating Club, Lynn Arena, Cohasset Winter Garden, the Boston Skating Club and Hockey Town USA in Melrose—and each accommodates be-

tween 800 and 2,000 skaters a week (not all for hockey; figure skaters and plain old-fashioned waltz-me-around-again-Willies are also out in force). Hockey schools abound, and there are plenty of games to watch. The Winter Garden in Cohasset has two squirt teams, 10 peewees, 10 hantams, eight juniors and six seniors playing on a regular basis. Thirty junior and 30 senior teams play at Lynn Arena. Ice time is booked solidly. The Boston Skating Club opens at 6:30 a.m. and runs until 10:30 p.m. The Weymouth Skating Club says, "We run 24 hours during weekends. People come in or phone, looking for ice time. When we tell them what's available they won't believe us." At some of the clubs the only open time is from 2 to 5 in the mornings, Monday through Friday.

#### FIVE-MINUTE MILER

Jim Ryan, who still holds the world records for the mile and the 1,500 meters, the classic distances in track and field, is a family man now, living with his wife and baby daughter in Topka, Kansas, where he is the fastest photographer on the *Capital-Journal*. Rumors say Ryan is planning a comeback, but right now the only running he does is jogging, usually in the evenings, when he trots a leisurely four or five miles around the streets near his home. He jogs as much to keep his weight down as for anything else. After he quit competition in 1969 he ballooned from 160 pounds to 195. Now he is back down to 180 and holding. Asked if he could go out anytime he felt like it and run a mile in, say, 4:30, which isn't even good high school time anymore, Ryan said, "No, I doubt that." How about five minutes? "I think so," he said.

#### CENSUS

This is a census year, but Don Galbreath, a game biologist for Washington state, is doing an unusual count of his own. He is taking a census of the pheasants by putting his ear to the air. Galbreath counts pheasants by listening for the characteristic squawk of the cock pheasant. Only the male crows; the ladies are mute. Each cock pheasant, says Galbreath, has an average of four lady friends. He crows once every three minutes, and his call carries only half a mile. So Galbreath's routine is to stop every mile, listen for two minutes for a call and then multiply by five. This is log-

ical because the territories of the cockbirds do not overlap. Each male defends his territory against what you might call fowl play.

#### CAN YOU TOP THIS?

A week or two ago *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* ran an item about a Clevelander named Eddie Charfillo who had achieved the enviable double of bowling a 300 game and making a hole in one in golf. Clark Morrison III, publisher of *The Palladium-Times* of Oswego, N.Y., promptly recalled that about 15 years ago he had written about an oldtimer named John Vosinkel of Oswego, whose athletic efforts went a significant step beyond Charfillo's. Vosinkel, too, howled 300 and made a hole in one, but that made it a three-way parlay, because back around 1915, when Vosinkel was a pitcher for Buffalo in the International League, he also pitched a no-hit, no-run game.

#### ALL IN A NIGHT'S WORK

A somewhat different but no less admirable feat was achieved this summer by Bob Mix, golf pro at the Albany (N.Y.) Country Club. One evening one of those odd golf-club conversations ended up with someone betting Mix that he could not possibly go out on the course in pitch darkness and shoot par golf. Specifically, the bet said he would not par two holes out of three. Mix finished his drink, got his clubs, went out into the dark night, played three holes, parred all of them, pocketed his bet and came back into the clubhouse for a nightcap.

#### THEY SAID IT

- Whitney Gerken, race driver credited with saving the life of Denver Jack Bowsher by stopping his own car during a race at the Indianapolis Fairgrounds to pull the unconscious Bowsher from his overturned racer: "Aw, why not? I wasn't running well, anyway."
- Ben Fortner, former Bemidji High School basketball coach, testifying during a suit against the Minnesota State High School League, when asked the reason for Bemidji's 14 championships during his tenure: "Good coaching. I have to speak the truth."
- Andy Armour, 11-year-old baseball fan, to a friend to whom he had just loaned a copy of Jim Bouton's *Ball Four*: "If you run across any words you don't understand, whatever you do don't ask your mother to explain them." **END**

For the most part, the trip to Leningrad was awful. When it is raining, which seems often, the city is cold and gray, with matching people. It's easy to understand why Russians suck up vodka by the gallon. The daily routines of normal living, from making a phone call to eating, are challenges. The crowded buses are murder; the normal alternative, a taxicab, is almost impossible to find. To this setting and much more, the U.S. track team came last week.

It was perhaps most fitting that the hammer and sickle fell first on Ollan Cassell, the AAU track chief, and on Howard Schmetz, one of the team managers. They decided to go in two days ahead of the team. Before leaving Germany they bombarded Russian officials with telegrams telling them that they would be arriving early. Nobody met them at the airport, where they discovered their American money was no good. And since it was Saturday, all the money changers had gone home for the weekend. After a few hours of argument, a Russian relented and gave them rubles—just enough—to take a taxi to their hotel. Then they discovered the hotel restaurant accepted only rubles. They went to bed hungry. Russians don't lose many arguments in Russia.

On Sunday, Cassell and Schmetz finally managed to make their way to a unique Russian institution known as a "Dollar Restaurant." These restaurants accept only foreign currency—no rubles. Since they are always the best places in town, that means when a Russian wants to take his girl out he has to take her to some café which will accept his rubles. At night the Russians gather outside the doors of the Dollar Restaurants and hungrily watch the tourists eat the food they can't get. Like caviar.

The team arrived on Monday and was bused to the Hotel Sputnik, which is both four years old and a relic. Dr. Jerry Borstein, the team physician, turned on the water tap in his room and recoiled in alarm. "For the love of God," he ordered everyone, "don't drink that stuff."

"Hell, I wasn't going to drink it,"

# DON'T DRINK THE WATER

*That is the advice the U.S. track team got in Leningrad. The Yanks hated the rooms, hated the food—and most of all hated losing to the Russians for the second time* by PAT PUTNAM

growled George Frenn, the hammer thrower. "I was going to eat it."

It was two days before Wayne Collett and John Smith could coax hot water from their tap. And when it came, it came in a great deep dark brown flood. "Hey, Smith, come look," Collett yelled. "The sink's bleeding."

The team arrived minus four sets of luggage. Vaultier Sam Caruthers' pole—now how can even a Russian airline lose a 15-foot pole?—and Long-Distance Runner Ken Moore's wife Bobbie. The AAU had managed to foul up her visa application and she had to be left in Helsinki. Moore was slightly shaken. He is stationed in the Army at Fort Lewis, Bobbie is a student at Stanford, and they had been saving all year for the trip, calling it the Leningrad fund. To save money, Moore had been cooking his own meals.

"Why didn't you let me know she wanted to come so badly," Cassell asked. "What the hell," Moore stormed, "I applied for a damn visa, didn't I?"

Cassell tried calling the Russian Em-

bassy in Helsinki from Stuttgart, but he was ignored. Bobbie decided to stay and fight. They said goodbye at the airport.

And so while Moore was spending his first two days in Leningrad trying to persuade the Russians to let in his wife the rest of the team was sightseeing—and trying to figure out why it had come at all. It rained a lot and colds became common. "You either caught a cold from the rain falling on you while you slept or you suffocated," said Hurdler Ralph Mann. "The rooms were so tiny you had to sleep with either your feet or your head under the window. And if you didn't leave a window open it was real bad."

The team members also ran into the money problem. The athletes went to get their two dollars per diem and had to take rubles instead. Then the Russians took them on a shopping tour—to a Dollar Store, where their rubles were useless. "I asked the guide to take us to a place where we could spend our rubles," said Long Jumper Wilby White. "The next thing I knew we were back in the hotel. They give us rubles and we can't spend them and we can't take them out of the country."

Then there was the food. The Russians served six courses, starting with milk that tasted—well, not good. Next, in order, came apple juice, strawberries, a salad, a tiny steak with home-fried potatoes, and, finally, cold cuts. The men usually demanded more and were ignored. "I'm so hungry I'll eat anything," said John Smith. For the girls it was a little easier. They are mostly tiny and cute and they don't need to eat that much.

"The biggest trouble with the food," said Mann, "was that we kept getting the same meat every day for lunch and dinner. I don't know what kind it was, but I've never had anything like it before. And there were no dogs or cats around the place."

The Russian team was staying at the condo

*A welcome surprise for the U.S. was ex-sailer Bill Skinner who came in first in the javelin.*





#### DON'T DRINK THE WATER *continued*

same hotel but eating in a separate dining hall. One day at lunch Freeman demanded to be let in to where the Russians were eating. "They've got better food," Freeman shouted. "I can see it and smell it." They wouldn't let him in.

Part of the Russian game is never do anything now. Wait and maybe the crazy visitor will forget about it. They answer every request with one word. "When?" So you say to them, "Now, please," and they look at you like you're crazy. Finally, after they decide you're going to persist, they sigh and say, "Have a seat." And they let you sit for half an hour or more. But when they go into action, it's something to watch. When they move, they move quickly and efficiently, and what an hour ago seemed impossible

suddenly is done in five minutes. And done well.

Well, at least most of the things they do they do well. At the last minute they tried to put a new track into Lenin Stadium and they came up with 400 meters of unbelievably bad road. It had to be the only asphalt track ever laid the day before an important international meet—by a bunch of old ladies. It looked like a tar road in Minnesota after a hard winter. Then they turned on the lights and the old ladies spent all night painting in the lines by hand. They wobbled a bit, the lines that is, but when the sun came out the next morning for a little while the markings were all there. Meanwhile, the U.S. team was sent off to practice at the athletic field of the institute

*continued*

*Urged on by American supporters (left), Willie Turner turns the corner to win the 200 meters.*





*The biggest Russian upset came in the 100 meters as Valer Borzov (No. 2) won after a fast start against Grockett (5) and Vaughan (4).*



*An American upset occurred in the women's 800 meters when Cheryl Toussaint, a teen-ager, beat the heavily favored Russian, Niala Sabatie.*





of physical culture named after Lesgaft. And about 500 Russians, some with high-speed movie cameras, turned up to watch.

The night before the meet, the entire U.S. team went to see the Leningrad circus. In Russia, with only a pocketful of rubles, there is not a whole lot else to do.

"I thought the circus was great," said Half-Miler Mark Winzenried. "I haven't been in one since I was a kid, but I can't remember seeing one that good before."

"Yeah, it was great," said Frenn. "Except they had all the lions tranquilized."

The meet began Thursday night in a driving cold rain. It was a dual meet, but then it wasn't. The Russians had invited one Pole, one Bulgarian, one Czech, one Italian and six Finns. They led with a secret weapon, a sprinter named Valeri Borzov, who was out of the blocks while Ivory Crockett and Ben Vaughan were still getting off the bus. There was no recall, and Borzov, who had been ahead by as much as seven yards and won only by a step, came home first in 10.4. Later, the Russian press tried to get Crockett and Vaughan to say that Borzov was the greatest sprinter in the world.

"He's lousy," said Crockett. "He gets off to a rolling start and still only runs 10.4. We've got 30 guys back home who can run him bowlegged. Hell, Vaughan ran a 10 flat last week and I ran a 10.1. But we all started at the same time in that race."

"What are you supposed to do in Russia?" Vaughan asked. "Go when the guy says let?"

A Russian reporter said that he was under the impression that Borzov had a poor start.

"Get out of here," Crockett said. "We'll run against this guy again in Cologne. I hope he's got guts enough to show up."

Laughing after their upset in the 100 meters, the Russians came up next with two of their aces, Nikolai Sviridov and Leonid Mikitenko, in the 10,000-meter race. They figured to breeze. It came out more like a wheeze. Frank Shorter, running in only his third 10,000 meters, set a furious pace, running the first 5,000

in 13:55. The Russians fell far behind. Shorter won by more than 200 yards in 28:22.8. Moore, who only the day before had finally got Bobbie into the country, finished second, five yards ahead of Mikitenko. The Russian national champion, Sviridov, ran fourth and drew derisive whistles and hoots from the fans.

"At first I was pretty peeved at Frank for setting such a fast pace," Moore said, "but in the end it turned out fine. He broke everybody but me. With Bobbie here I was running happy. I don't run as well when I'm angry."

As expected, Marcus Walker and Tom Hill swept the 110 hurdles, making it look easy. If they aren't going to be tough in 1972, then nobody is. Then the Russians got their second break. With Ken Swenson ill but running, they won the 800. "He was really sick," said Winzenried, who finished second, "and he had a hard time getting psyched up. He won three big races in the States, then the NCAA's and the AAU's, then in France and Germany. How many can you get up for? About three-quarters of the way around he just said to hell with it."

"It's tough to run that many big ones," said Mann. "The pain is fresh in your mind. The body is in good shape but the mind gets tired." Then he went out Friday night and blew the Russians off the track in the 400-meter hurdles and he came away shaking his head. "That track is really terrible. I had to walk my lane six times to learn where all the holes were. But I guess it bothered the Russians more. They were belting every hurdle. I didn't even figure them to finish on their feet." One didn't.

The men got only two more victories Thursday: the expected sweep from Wayne Collett and John Smith in the 400, and in the 400-meter relay. At the end of the day Russia led 55-52.

The women didn't make out as well and trailed 48-26. Only Iris Davis, who won the 100-meter dash, managed to go home with a gold medal.

That night Collett went to a Russian restaurant that opened at 9 p.m. He ordered soup. "Sorry," said the waiter. "No soup after 7 o'clock."

"But you don't open until 9," Collett protested.

"I know," said the waiter. "But you still can't have soup after 7."

"D.K., man, O.K.," Collett sighed.

"You win. No soup after 7. What's the deadline on meat?"

Friday was a little different. Just a little. The U.S. men gathered in the gold medals, six in all. The Russians, with their depth, gathered in enough points to win 122-114. The girls picked up five victories but were beaten 78-59. It was only the second time in nine dual meets that the U.S. men have lost to Russia. "We lost by a Randy Matson and a Jay Silvester," Mann said.

Two of the U.S. victories Friday came in the field events where Russians were strong favorites. Bouncy Moore upset Olympian Igor Ter-Ovanesyan in the long jump, and right behind him Bill Skinner, the ex-sailor with enough courage for three tough longhorses, threw the javelin 272' 8½" on his last attempt to upset Olympian and former world record holder Yannis Lussis. And then Skinner put his arm around Lussis' shoulder and said, "Man, beating you is just like beating Cassius Clay. The same feeling."

The other men's victories came from Mann, unbeatable Willie Turner in the 200, Reynaldo Brown in the high jump, and the 1,600-meter-relay team of Curtis Mills, Fred Newhouse, Collett and Smith, which won by 50 yards and could have won by 150. The women earned their gold medals in the 800 meters (Cheryl Toussaint), the 200 meters (Mavis Laing, 16), the 100-meter hurdles (Patty Johnson), the long jump (Wilby White) and the 1,600-meter relay (Jarvis Scott, Laing, Toussaint and Kathy Hammond).

After the meet Eddie Hart, who had run on the winning 400-meter relay team with Crockett, Vaughan and Robert Taylor, spotted the Russian interpreter from the day before. "Hey, man, where's the great Borzov? He was supposed to run in the 200 today and I see he chickened out. Do you think he'll chicken out in Cologne, too?"

The Russian spun on his heels and walked away in silence. Hart's laughter chased him. "Hey," said Hart. "Yesterday that guy could speak English. Today he can't even speak Russian."

A few hours later the Americans were packing. "We're getting out of Russia, man, that's what counts," said Collett, summing up the collective feeling. "The next dual meet in Russia will be in 1973. Thank God, after 1972 I'll be out of track."

END

PHOTOGRAPH BY NEIL SUTTER

Sighting in Leningrad, members of the U.S. team pose before a portrait of Lenin

# A HEAD FIT FOR A TRIPLE CROWN

Minnesota's Harmon Killebrew always hit for power, and won the MVP that way last year. Now 34, bald and leg-heavy, he is suddenly a .300 hitter, too, and the main reason that the Twins are on top **by PETER CARRY**

Squat, bald and 34; bottom-heavy, thick across the midsection and chronically aggravated by an old soreness in his right knee, he is a picture of the American spectator spreading idly into middle age. He should be at home, sprawled in an overstuffed chair, wearing a fleshed-out T shirt and watching ball games on the tube. Instead, Harmon Killebrew of the Minnesota Twins, his short, wispy sideburns showing flecks of gray where they creep out from under his batting helmet, has matured into the most dangerous all-round hitter in the American League.

Killebrew is no stronger than he was when he had most of his hair, weighed 20 pounds less and hit 42 home runs in his first season as a regular for the old Washington Senators 11 years ago. Since early in his career he has been second only to Babe Ruth as the most consistent slugger in baseball history, and while the years have taken most of the deliberate speed Killebrew once had, they have added a vintage sophistication to his batting. Last year he led the major leagues in home runs and RBIs and was the American League's Most Valuable Player. This season he is easily in range of his first 50-home-run season and, after averaging .262 for his career, he has batted well over .300 all this year.

While Killebrew's hitting has been hotter, the climate around the Twins has cooled off. Billy Martin, the swarthy, sharp-featured man with the piercing dark eyes and rocket temperament, managed Minnesota to the division title last year and added plenty of excitement along the way. Some of the high spirits even occurred on the field. Off the diamond, Martin slugged it out with one of his pitchers outside a Detroit bar one night. His abrasive style failed to endear Martin to some of his players and all of his bosses, but the fans adored him and hooted in dismay when he was fired after losing the playoffs.

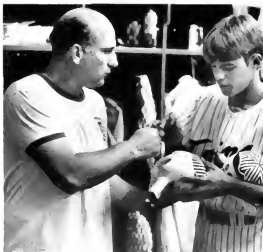
Martin's replacement is his antithesis. Red Rigney's fair skin is burned cherry red and his face has a warm roundness. In 14 years of managing the Giants and

Angels he gained the reputation of a man who keeps his cool. Because he replaced Martin, the fans have occasionally been as chilly as December on Hennepin Avenue toward him. "It's like they feel no one should be the manager here now," Rag says.

In the spring it appeared as if the Twins hardly needed a manager. The team was a set piece with very promising young players apparently ready to take over where needed. It has not worked out that way. Moreover, second baseman Rod Carew, last year's batting champion, has played in only half of the Twins' games because of injuries, the latest of which will bench him at least until Sept. 15, and only one of last year's starting pitchers, Jim Perry, who has won 15 games, has been consistent. Rigney, nicknamed Captain Hook in California for the way he pirated start-

ers off the mound, has thus once again had to rely heavily on his bullpen. But if Minnesota's five-game lead over the Angels stands up for the rest of the season Bill Zepp, who won only seven games in four years of college pitching, and 19-year-old Rascalberi Blyleven could end up with much of the credit.

Zepp has a master's degree from the University of Michigan only because nobody offered him a contract. "Most of the way through college I realistically had to think I wouldn't play pro ball," he said. "I wanted to attempt it, but nobody even tried to sign me, so I just stayed in school." The Twins finally asked Zepp to sign for less than \$1,000 when they saw him pitching for a semipro team at the end of his year in graduate business school. Thirteen months later, after developing several off-speed pitches, he compiled an 18-4 record in only part



Killebrew was only 17, about the boy's age, when he first played in the majors in 1954.

of a minor-league season and promptly joined the Twins. Promoted to a starting spot in early July, Zepp ran his record to 5-0 before suffering his first loss.

Bert Blyleven's progress was a little slower. When he was called up to the Twins in June, he had been out of high school in Garden Grove, Calif. for less than a year. Blyleven, who was born in Zeist, Holland and emigrated to California via Saskatoon when he was 6, has a shy grin and narrowly spaced eyes that make him look scared, something he certainly is not. "I first started thinking about coming to the majors this soon when I was 8-0 last fall in the Florida Instructional League," he says. "I wondered if I'd be ready, but now that I've been here and pitched I'm not worried about it anymore." Blyleven's high school catcher taught him how to throw a curve about 18 months ago and that pitch is now a wonderment in the American League. It also almost caused an abrupt end to Blyleven's rapid progress.

"Everyone kept telling me I had a good curve, so when I got here I figured that's what I should throw. I was throwing it about 50' of the time, and after my sixth start or so my elbow began bothering me," he says. "The doctor told me my arm's still growing and the curve hurts it. So now I'll use it only about 30' of the time."

Last week Blyleven concentrated on his fastball against Detroit, defeating the Tigers 2-1 on four hits. After the Twins put him ahead in the bottom of the seventh, he used only 20 pitches, 19 of them strikes, to set Detroit down in the final two innings. The win brought his record to 4-3 and lowered his ERA to 2.58, best among the Twins' starters.

Blyleven, who until last summer had not been out of California since his family moved there, lives by himself in an apartment and rarely sees his teammates. "They all go home to their families at night and I can't get into the places where the other single guys go because I'm not old enough," he explains. He also travels in a distinctly different social set. He usually goes out with girls who have just finished their junior year in high school.

Harmon Killebrew can appreciate the problems of a teen-ager on a major league team. He first arrived in Washington at 17 during the time when the bonus rule stipulated that any player re-

ceiving more than \$4,000 had to remain with the parent club for two seasons. In those two years Killebrew appeared in 47 games for the Senators and saw at least as many movies with Ray Crump, the Twins' clubhouse man, who was then the bat boy and Killebrew's only contemporary on the team.

Since then Killebrew has grown into a proud, private man whose approach to hitting, he says, is a good reflection of his life-style. Killebrew puts on his hard hat one turn before he is due in the on-deck circle and stands motionless next to the bat rack, staring at the pitcher. When his time comes, he moves to the on-deck area, takes three or four bruising swings and then kneels motionless, again staring at the pitcher. In the batters' box he makes one cursory swish with his bat between pitches. Then he simply stands, again stock still, with the bat resting on his shoulder. He wants to cock his bat until the pitcher, whose hands Killebrew has been concentrating on, begins his windup. The whole process is done with a let's-get-down-to-it air. "That's pretty much the way I am," says Killebrew. "I'm not a fidgety person. I try to stay as calm and relaxed as I can. It helps me concentrate, which I think is the most important thing about hitting."

Killebrew is effectively soft-spoken in a manner that only men of extraordinary physical power seem able to perfect. He does not participate in the loud banter of the clubhouse and he passed up the celebration when the Twins clinched the division title last year. He is not withdrawn, however. When a stocky minor-leaguer arrived in Minneapolis last week to have his sore legs checked by the team doctor, Killebrew was one of the first to stop and talk to the boy, offering him tips on how to keep those kind of legs—the sort that have given Killebrew a tricky knee and a painful hamstring rupture—in shape.

Killebrew's loud noises are made with his hat. He spent most of three seasons in the minors after his teen-age tours as a bonus baby, returning to the Senators permanently at 22. Overall he has averaged a home run every 12.9 at bats, well behind Ruth's 11.8 but far ahead of everyone else.

Killebrew's willingness to take walks and not swing at bad balls has improved his average. So has the presence in the lineup of two other high-average hit-

ters, Tony Oliva and Cesar Tovar. "Naturally I hope I've gotten smarter as I've gotten more experience," says Killebrew. "But I can't get all that excited about the .300 thing. The important thing for me is to drive in runs and score them. I think I should take the hardest swings I can every time I'm at the plate."

Over a three-game stretch last week, Killebrew's hardest swings produced only one hit in 12 at bats, but it underscored his importance to the Twins. The hit was a two-run single in Perry's 2-1 victory over Detroit. He drove in a run on a fielder's choice the next night that gave him back the league RBI lead.

A home run, his 30th of the year, into the bleachers in deepest center field broke his slump on Friday as the Twins routed the Orioles 8-0. As Killebrew, who is rock-hard underneath the blousy uniform that gives him the look of a round, middle-aged man on the field, chugged around second base in his awkward gait the scene was a reminder that not all great hitters have the lithe bodies of a Mays or an Aaron. The most powerful one ever was built along the lines of Harmon Killebrew. **END**



Teen-ager Bert Blyleven is a Twins' starter.

# ARNIE'S PARTY WAS A DIVINE AFFAIR

*Palmer's and Nicklaus' opponents in the National Four-Ball came away convinced the aging kings had help from on high* **by MARK MULVOY**

Golf's 57 million road company hit the bromonium hills of western Pennsylvania last week, suffering a clear case of prickly heat and creeping ennui. Only the hostilities of Hazeltine and the heroics of St. Andrews had broken the relentless doldrums that have seemed to afflict the tour lately.

By the time the pros had cleared out of Ligonier and headed for the next stop on sport's equivalent of the Orpheum Circuit—the Westchester Classic—the tour showed signs of rebound if not recovery. Part of it was the prominence of a couple of faces whose familiarity breeds anything but contempt among the golfing public. By winning the PGA's \$200,000 National Four-Ball Championship at Laurel Valley, Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus had restored the cosmos to its old and comfortable order. Even the Almighty had seemed to lend an occasional hand, as if He, too, had had enough of all the Philadelphia Classics and Nowhere Opens.

But something else infused the tour with a sense of change at Ligonier, and that was the fact that this time it wasn't just another tournament. The Four-Ball, for all its suggestion of deuces and one-eyed Jacks wild, added an element of novelty for the golf fan grown too knowledgeable and too jaded by an enterprise going flat. The novelty was a simple one: instead of 144 players scrambling for their own, the Four-Ball grouped teams of two players, each member playing his own ball but counting only the best score on each hole.

The only mistake the other pros made was letting them hold the thing on Arnold Palmer's home course, for any hopes they had that old Arnie would play Mr. Nice Guy Host and treat his visitors to a little western Pennsylvania hospitality were dashed at once. First of all, he had Jack Nicklaus for a partner, which Terry Doll allowed was "not a bad team." When a deluge hit Li-

gonier on the first day, the other pros probably relaxed in the knowledge that at least Nicklaus and Palmer were not being joined by the Almighty. But when the clouds parted and the rain quit five minutes before the Nicklaus-Palmer starting time, nobody could be really sure. And after they came in at 10-under for the day—three strokes ahead of the nearest mortals—it was clear that their round had been not only splendid but perhaps divine.

Things got back to normal on the second day except that, yes, there was that peculiar break in the rain that allowed Arnie and Jack to finish their rounds—only four under par this time. Then the lightning and rain started again, prompting Dave Marr to suggest that Arnie and the Lord might want the round wiped out. A couple of twosomes operating on terrestrial guidance made runs at the leaders after that—Sam Snead and Gardner Dickinson on Friday, Dave Eichelberger and J. C. Goosse on Saturday—but the first-day leaders closed strong on Sunday for their \$20,000-each payoff.

A good part of the spirit that suffused the Ligonier countryside last week came from the players themselves, who also seemed to regard the Four-Ball as a refreshing break from the boring routine of the weekly 72-hole tournaments they play. Seldom recognized is the fact that professional golfers play a longer "season" and perform in more "games" than athletes in any other sport. A pro who is exempt from qualifying may enter up to 35 tournaments a year. Counting the pro-am rounds on Wednesdays and assuming he makes the cut most of the time, this means he could play as many as 175 serious rounds a year. By the end of the tournament year the average pro is a package of raw ganglia. For that and other reasons the Four-Ball is expected to become a regular feature of the tour, and if they can swing

it Palmer and his friends at Laurel Valley would like to keep it there.

"We'd sort of like it to be known as the Masters of the North," said George Love, the tournament's general chairman. Love and all the other members already wear hot-pink sport coats and hats on the club grounds, obviously borrowing from the green-coat tradition at Augusta, Ga.

The Four-Ball also is a part of two golf Commissioner Joe Dey's master plan to revitalize the tour. Despite healthy television ratings and strong attendances at the gate, the tour is not growing as it has for the last decade or so. Many of the sponsors of tournaments offering less than \$150,000 in prize money have become increasingly bitter toward Dey and the members of the PGA's Tournament Players Division. Dey admits there has been friction, but says, "Frankly, we can be cavalier. We have more sponsors than we have dates." Maybe. But wine observers of the game feel that golf will be one of the first sports to feel the effects of economic hardship. More than any other sport, golf depends on the beneficence of institutional spenders—corporations or high-paid executives—and these have been precisely the sectors hit first and hardest by the economic downturn.

Tournaments such as the Texas Open, the Greater Milwaukee Open, the San Francisco-Lucky Open and Houston Champions International have all had run-ins with Dey and the TPD. The San Francisco tournament was canceled after Dey and the TPD arbitrarily shifted dates without consulting sponsors. The Greater Milwaukee Open, played opposite the British Open last month, has been ironically dubbed the Lesser Milwaukee Open because so many top golfers went to St. Andrews.

The most bitter sponsors, though, are in Texas. The Texas Open, once known as the father of the winter tour, has been offered 1971 dates during football season or on New Year's Day weekend—which, with so many Texas teams in bowl games, is about the same thing. Says Gilbert S. Brown, president of the San Antonio Golf Association, "I'm fed up with the TPD and I'm in favor of telling them to go to hell. It's a damned insult to the association and all of San Antonio to be treated this way."

"Everyone I have talked to has said to hell with the pros. They want ev-



Two of the winning trio look up at their partner and—incidentally—follow an enemy drive

everything for themselves and don't want to give a thing. They have no respect for tradition or sentiment."

In a sense Commissioner Dey is caught between the demands of tournament sponsors, who want stellar fields for their events, and the touring pros, who want a maximum of prize money and prestige for a minimum of travel and discomfort. The TPD contract guarantees sponsors a "representative" field, but, as Dey points out, TPD members are independent contractors who must play only 15 tournaments a year to keep their membership. Dey admits it is bad PR for players to drop out of tournaments with only a few days' notice, and he has considered assigning certain players to a limited number of tournaments. Members of the TPD reject the idea. "No one is going to tell me to play golf

when I don't want to," said one. "If the purse isn't right and the course isn't right, I won't go."

Dey sees a possible solution in a revamped schedule of 20 or 25 major championships with as much prize money as possible, then as many other tournaments as the sponsors want—two or three at once if need be. All members of the TPD would play in the top 20 or 25 tournaments, but the sponsors of other tournaments would have no guarantees on participation. Dey would also like to see a variety of tournament styles. In addition to the Four-Ball, he envisions an elimination championship that would be conducted under stroke play and, possibly, a Scotch tournament.

To complicate his problems in trying to resolve the difference between sponsors and players Dey also must contend

with a generation gap in the TPD. "Dey tries to railroad us," a young player said. "One meeting, a young guy got up and said, 'Mr. Dey, I think I have a solution' and Dey just laughed. He was acting like, 'How can you have a solution when I've been working on the question myself?'" Nevertheless Dey and the younger group of pros did work out an agreement recently whereby inactive players with lifetime exemptions are added to full starting fields at tournaments instead of displacing younger players.

The National Four-Ball Championship seemed just the elixir to alleviate some of these vexing problems. The players at Laurel Valley were noticeably relaxed—sometimes too relaxed, according to Johnny Pott. "Team golf is fun golf," he said, "but fun golf also gets to be careless golf." In other words, with a partner, you don't always feel that disaster awaits you on every stroke. Still, it's a fan's delight, watching a player go for broke knowing his partner is safe.

Most of the team pairings at Laurel Valley were fairly predictable: Palmer and Nicklaus, who won the second Four-Ball Championship together in 1966; Bob Charles and Bruce Devlin, both from Down Under; Miller Barber and Don January, both Texans; Bob Lunn and Dave Stockton, Californians; and Hale Irwin and Dale Douglass, Coloradans. The most predictable pairings were the family acts—Charlie Sifford and nephew Curtis, and brothers Dave and Mike Hill, Dick and John Lotz and Tom and Mickey Shaw. Perhaps the most unusual pairing in the field was the integrated twosome of Bob Murphy and Lee Elder. "People say it's unusual," said Murphy, a Floridian, "but it's nothing unusual to us. We've been close friends since our first days on the tour."

About the only American name player missing from the championship was Frank Beard, whose recent book, *Pro Frank Beard on the Golf Tour*, gave some interesting and occasionally embarrassing glimpses of golfers off-guard. Nobody was exactly saying Beard would have a tough time lining up a partner at Ligonier, but one player did remark: "It's tough to play four-ball with a tape recorder for a partner."

And, as any Laurel Valley native can tell you, God is better than a tape recorder any day.

END

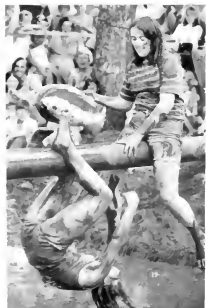
# ***Uhh, Janet, Janet . . . Is That You?***

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TED KAPLAN

Well, sure, everybody knows how to pillow-fight, right? In fact, this may be the first sport that kids really get the swing of—and the happy whoppers on these pages are proof that nobody ever really grows up in this country. Certainly not in Kenwood, Calif., which is a sedate and proper community of, oh, say, 486 people, including a volunteer fire department, which fixed up this gloopy setting for part of a communitywide celebration. Understand now, this was not just a splash-in-the-pun affair, this was the fourth annual, official U.S. Pillow-Fighting Championship, boy, and entrants came from just about everywhere, even one from Oregon. (Splooosh! Forget the one from Oregon.) Nor was this a hard game to play, the idea is to slide right out there on that greased pole over the mud-bath and whomp away until the loser plaps into the ooze. About



40 men and 30 women belted it out for the titles, not that you could tell the boy winners from the girl winners too well. But, golly, nobody cared, since those nice firemen washed down everybody with firehoses when it was all over. They had to wash down the judges four times. About 2,000 spectators came to watch, and the pillow-fight committee sold 16 kegs of beer and maybe a million hot dogs to raise money to build a town plaza. Some big teamster from Pacifica won the men's title, but then Kemwood's very own Janet Gind, 14, came slamming through to capture her third straight women's crown. That Janet, she slithered right home to change clothes because "I wanted to look nice when I was introduced." Probably trying to impress all the fellas, right? Maybe Janet doesn't know that a boy's best friend is his mudder.

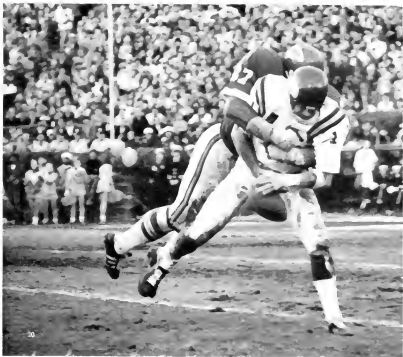


## **MAN OF MACHISMO: Part 3**

by JOE KAPP with JACK OLSEN

# **WE WERE JUST A BUNCH OF PARTY POOPERS**

So says the Viking quarterback in explanation of the Super Bowl defeat. Instead of whooping it up like so many swashbuckling Odins, the Vikings suddenly got very serious and played like cautious businessmen





After the Vikings won the Central Division title we had to play Los Angeles for the Western championship, and our team really did a job. That was the game where we were behind 17-7 at the half after I assisted in a crucial fumble. Then I managed to throw two interceptions. But in the second half our defense held—as it had been holding all year—and we put together two of the prettiest touchdown drives you've ever seen to beat one of the finest teams in football 23-20. They tell me that Rams Coach George Allen is still going around shaking his head and saying, "I can't believe it. I can't believe it!" I don't blame him. He had the game won, but somebody forgot to tell the Vikings.

Now we had to face Cleveland for

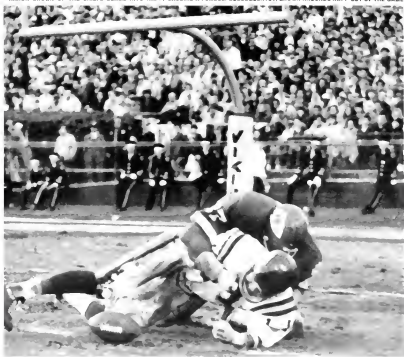
the NFL championship. We had beaten them 31-3 in a league game earlier—one of those games where we could do nothing wrong and the opponents could do nothing right—but we knew that they had some horses. At this stage of the season we were running on sheer momentum; we had come too far to blow it all now, and Cleveland couldn't stop us. Early in the game I called a hand-off to Billy Brown, but he slipped on the ice and I had nobody to hand off to, so I barged through the left side of our line and went in for a touchdown. They told me I left Walter Johnson and Mike Howell sprawled behind me. I don't even remember hitting them. I gave it the old Bill Brown-Dave Osborn technique. Their idea is that you take the

ball to the goal line by whatever means necessary. Those two guys would go through a brick wall if you punted a goal line on the other side. You have to club them with a stick to stop them.

Later on I made a play that everybody talked about, but it really wasn't as sensational as it looked. To begin with, you have to understand that it's against my principles to run the ball out of bounds. Football is just as much a game of inches as baseball or any other game, and you've got to get every inch you can. Frankly, I'd be embarrassed to run out of bounds just to avoid getting hit. J.J. might be watching the game on television, and I wouldn't want him to think that his old man lacked machismo. Well, in the NFL

*continued*

AARON BROWN OF THE CHIEFS SLAMS INTO KAPP, CAUSING A FUMBLE. SUBSEQUENTLY, BROWN KNOCKED KAPP OUT OF THE GAME



championship game against Cleveland I called a quick-out pattern to Gene Washington, but he was double covered. I looked to John Henderson on the other side, and there was nothing there, so I took off around right end, straight at Jim Houston, the Browns' All-Pro line-backer. I could have gone out of bounds, but instead I put all my moves on Houston, and when neither of them worked I put my head down and crashed into him. The next thing I knew I had done a complete flip through the air and Houston was down and out. My leg hurt like hell, but I didn't rub it. I didn't know what really happened until several weeks later when I ran into Houston on the Coast.

"You know what you did to me that time?" Houston said.

"Yeah," I said. "I hit you with my purse."

Houston said, "You caught me right on the point of the jaw with your knee."

"Well," I said, "that's one of our plays. We practiced it all year."

"Better practice some more next year," Houston said. "I'll be looking for that play." I hope not.

After our 27-7 win in that championship game, I got into a little bit of trouble with Pete Rozelle, but it was all innocent. Without consulting the NFL rules, Dale Hackbart and I had put a case of champagne in the dressing room before the game. I said, "You know, Hack, the front four has been getting all the newspaper space and they deserve it, but we also have a fine offensive line and nobody's writing about them," so we went out and got another case of champagne strictly for our offensive linemen. When the game was over and the television cameras focused on our locker room, all you could see was champagne spurting all over the place—and that's against the rules. We just didn't know, and Rozelle was nice about it. Personally, I'd have rather had tequila anyway, but he probably wouldn't have approved of that either.

In my opinion, what the Vikings needed after that Cleveland win was more partying, not less. But a strange change set in. After we'd spurted a few quarts of champagne on each other, everybody started looking ahead to the Super Bowl. This big bunch of happy-go-lucky warriors, this team of crazy, enthusiastic guys, suddenly changed its personality, and you could almost see it happening.

Right there in the dressing room we began acting like it would be bad luck if we celebrated the NFL championship anymore. We should have. We were wrong! We should have had a party, but we didn't. That was mistake No. 1!

Before I say another word about the Super Bowl, let me be like Mr. Nixon and make one thing perfectly clear: I am not offering excuses. In fact, I'll say it flatly: the better team won that game. The better team on Jan. 11, 1970. Nothing that I say after this is intended to deny that fact. The Kansas City Chiefs played one of the great games in modern football history, and they deserved to win. We made mistakes and they didn't. That's all. They did to us exactly what we'd been doing to everybody else all season long.

In my opinion, somebody should have seen our trouble developing early, right after the NFL championship game when we didn't party enough, didn't have enough fun. But nobody added up the signs. We went down to New Orleans to prepare for the Super Bowl, and they checked us into the Hilton Inn near the airport, and that is exactly nowhere. It's way out on the Delta flats, so far from downtown New Orleans that you can't even see the skyline from there. That only served to emphasize our change in attitude. All year long we'd been winning by having fun and being enthusiastic, and now we were changing into a bunch of certified public accountants. Not for us the bright lights of Bourbon Street. Everybody was thinking about the extra \$7,500 for winning. Each one of us was thinking, "I'm not gonna be the guy who blows that money that everybody's wife has already spent." We were all worried on behalf of our teammates, and instead of washbuckling around like the Odins that we were, we turned into organization men.

In the middle of our practice week, Gary Cuozzo and I had a little talk. "Something's not right," Gary said.

"We're flat," I said, "and I don't know why." I should have been the guy to diagnose the problem and solve it, but I just didn't have the sense or the experience. How many players are experienced about things like the Super Bowl? Maybe you'll say that Bud Grant should have done something about our personality change. I don't agree. Bud is a serious, dedicated coach who makes rules and expects us to abide by them, but he

has enough good judgment to allow us to act as free spirits within his rules. If we choose not to act like free spirits, it's not up to him to get us out of it—it's up to us, and especially to me, as the quarterback. Well, I blew the assignment. I didn't have the slightest idea what was wrong. All my insight came after the game.

Another thing that was no help to us—although it shouldn't have mattered—was being named 13-point favorites. There wasn't a single Viking who didn't realize how ridiculous that was. We'd tell the newsmen every day, "Listen, you guys, you just don't know pro football if you think we should be 13-point favorites." We had studied the films, and the Chiefs looked tough. And why shouldn't they be tough? Mr. Lamar Hunt had spent enough millions to develop a good team. I don't remember him losing many draft choices. So how could he come up with a marshmallow ball club? We knew better. We had lost to the Jets in the exhibition season, and now it was Kansas City and not New York that had reached the Super Bowl, so we had every reason to rate them high.

I put all this out because there were a lot of reports later that we had underestimated the Chiefs, that we had been too complacent. That theory just happens to be bull. We were anything but complacent or overconfident. We were, however, much too serious about the whole thing. All season long we had been doing our thing, but when the big money was on the line we started doing somebody else's thing, acting like U.S. Steel or the Green Bay Packers. We forgot who we were and we came to that game as uninspired as Lawrence Welk.

Well, I don't propose to replay the Super Bowl here. Everybody knows that Kansas City worked out an intelligent game plan. They doubled and tripled on our great pass catcher, Gene Washington. They played head-up on our great center, Mick Tingelhoff, and kept him from helping out our offensive linemen, his specialty. They put a defensive end instead of a linebacker outside their line to keep me from rambling around too much. And they played a defense called the Kansas City stack, something we didn't see every day in the NFL. But it wasn't just those things that beat us. After all, we had worked out against their formations, and we anticipated them thoroughly. All these stories you

might have read about Hank Stram's magical defenses versus Bud Grant's stolidness, or the AFL's innovativeness against the NFL's rigidity—why, those stories were all exaggerated. What happened was simpler: we came up flat, and we made mistakes. We made more mistakes in the Super Bowl than we made all year. Early in the game Tight End John Bosley and I combined to blow a key pass play that might have moved us in for the first score—and when ball-control teams like Kansas City and Minnesota are playing, that first score can mean the whole game. John came back to the huddle and said, “I dropped it,” and I said, “I underthrew it,” and the truth is that we were both right. But we

And while we were performing all these idiocies, the Chiefs weren't just standing around waiting for the breaks. They were making them. We thought we knew their defensive formations, but they knew them far better than we did, both their strengths and their weaknesses. Their five-man front seemed to invite certain plays: I'd come up to the line and I'd see an apparent weakness in their alignment. I'd call an audible, and by the time the ball would be snapped they'd have covered up. They were talking to one another all through the game. I could hear Bobby Bell and Willie Lamer chattering back and forth, making judgments, making guesses and being right. We had plenty of audibles—we

with anything less than perfect play.

Toward the end of the game I called a play that had worked for us often. The backs go fake-run toward the right and I bootleg to the left, all alone, and throw a pass, or run if I have to. This time some blocks were missed, and Buck Buchanan and Aaron Brown came roaring through, I ran like hell, with Buchanan on my heels and Brown trying to cut me off at the pass, and Aaron got me and whopped me on down to the ground shoulder to shoulder. It was a beautiful, clean shot. The blow must have got the nerve, because the first flash of pain went straight to my head and knocked me out. I came to in a few seconds with this terrible pain in my shoulder,



BENCHED BY AN INJURY FOR THE FIRST TIME, A SAD JOE KAPP SITS OUT THE DYING MINUTES OF THE SUPER BOWL

had been connecting on passes like that all year long.

That play was the tip-off to what was coming. We hadn't had a really costly fumble in something like 15 straight games, but in the Super Bowl we fumbled three times and lost the ball twice. I threw two interceptions. We took six penalties, including a key penalty for pass interference. We dropped two balls that we should have intercepted. Against a tough team like Kansas City, two turnovers would normally kill you, we made seven.

were prepared. They were counter-prepared.

At halftime we were behind 16-0, but we weren't dead yet. A few weeks before, we had trailed Los Angeles 17-7 at halftime and come back to win. So we weren't demoralized. "Listen," I said, "at least let's go out there and do our thing." We did. On the first series of downs, we went 69 yards for a touchdown. But the way the Chiefs were playing that day, it was too late. We made some more mistakes, and nobody was going to beat Kansas City that day

der, and when I got back to the huddle Gary was already there calling the next play. Was I glad to see him? For the first time in all those years of football I was going to have to leave a game because of injury. The doctors found out later that several ligaments and muscles had been torn and there was a slight shoulder separation. A sports writer gave a simpler diagnosis. He wrote that I suffered a bad case of the aaronbrowns. A dread disease!

Do you know what happens when you lose the Super Bowl? The world ends.

continued

It just stops. There's been all this buildup, all these bruising games, all this study and preparation and strain, and then it ends. There's not even a fanfare. After the game Dale Hackbart and Trainer Fred Zamberletti led me into the training room and cut my pads and uniforms off and gave me some pain-killers. Somebody asked me what happened, and I said, "The full catastrophe." That's the line Anthony Quinn used in *Zorba the Greek* when he described getting married and having children and staying at home as "the full catastrophe." They helped me out to the team bus and we made the long drive to the Hilton Inn, out there with all that interesting marsh grass and those airplanes and neon lights. The fellows helped me to my room and put me in bed and gave me some more pain-killers, and visitors began trooping in. I had invited my father and mother and my three sisters, Joanne, Linda and Suzie, and my brother, Sergeant Larry Kapp, just back from stepping on a grenade in Vietnam. Marcia was there, and after all these years as the wife of a quarterback she's learned how to lose gracefully. My mother came in and said she was just glad the season was over and that I wasn't hurt too bad—if she had been Jewish, she would have offered me chicken soup; that's the way she is. General Manager Jim Finks said we had nothing to be ashamed of, and several of the players came in and just looked glum-eyed at me as if to say, "Well, what do we do now that the world's stopped turning on its axis?"

The only real problem was my war-veteran brother, Larry. If Larry were 6' 3" instead of 5' 7" he'd be me—and then some. He's a great competitor, and he is not amiable about losing. He was stomping around the room moaning and complaining, as though he was the one with the shoulder separation instead of me. He was cursing the Chiefs and the officials and the crowd and the airport and the Hilton Inn, and he was running over to my bedside every 10 seconds to ask, "You all right, Joe? You all right?" One of the times he came running over I could see the tears streaming out of his eyes, and I reached out with my good arm and patted him on the shoulder and I said, "Don't worry, Larry, you'll get another chance next year."

Somebody came in and gave me some more pills, and by this time I was really feeling woozy. Then I remembered that

I had never missed a postgame party, and there was one going on downstairs in one of the banquet rooms. I couldn't stand the idea of missing anything. I had to see what was happening. "Gimme a hand, will you, Easy?" I said, and he helped me to get out of bed and dress. Downstairs the funeral was in full swing, but I could only stay a few minutes. I was making small talk with Marcia and Dale Hackbart when these waves of nausea came over me, and I said, "Hack, see if you and Larry can get me back to the room before I throw up." We just made it.

When Marcia and I got back home to Minnesota we had to confront the problem of our son, J.J. You'd have to know him to understand. J.J. might be only six years old and he might stand only four feet tall counting his thick shock of coal-black hair, but he has thoroughly assimilated the twin ideals of

machismo and victim. "Well, Pop," he said flatly, "you blew it." I turned to look at him, hoping to see a nice smile or the slightest sign of forgiveness, but there was none. J.J. was simply stating a fact, we blew it. I started to explain how it happened. J.J. said he didn't wish to hear any excuses.

Later somebody sent me a clipping from a Ken Jacobsen article in the *Berkshire Daily Gazette*. Jacobsen quoted Dave Meggess as saying, "Kapp is the kind of quarterback who attempts to infuse back into the game his own personality and individuality, and who exhibits true qualities of team leadership and produces great clan among his teammates. The Super Bowl was interesting to the extent that it showed that, because of the technical structure of the game, a 'devin' person like Kapp can't fit in. Ken Dawson is an example of the Bart Starr type of technical quarterback who demon-



LOOKING FORWARD TO THE 1970 SEASON, KAPP GOES INTO AN ICE CREAM SUNDAE.

mates the game. Maybe 20 years ago an individual like Bobby Layne could impress his brand of playing on the game. But when it comes down to it maybe Kapp was destined to lose and is the last of a breed."

Dave Meggessy is a graduate student in sociology and was a linebacker for the St. Louis Cardinals, and I have a lot of respect for his intelligence, but I can't say that I agree with him on that quote. The way I see it, a football team is like a ship or maybe like an army, and there can only be one big honcho going the orders. On the Vikings the honcho is Bud Grant, and don't think for a second that he doesn't lay down the rules and don't think for a second that some of the rules don't bug us. I like the one about haircuts. The length of an athlete's hair is getting to be a bigger issue than it ought to be. Bud will call me over and he'll say, "Time to get

a haircut." Then I'll laugh, and go out and get a haircut. Why? Because he's the honcho, and that's the way it has to be, and maybe there have to be little rules about haircuts and things like that to drive the point home. I don't like it, but I understand it. Bud and I have our little ways of nerves, and hair length is one of the battlefronts. Funny thing, though: the same man always wins the battles.

Note of this means that Bud refuses to allow the Vikings to act as individuals, or that the color and individuality are going out of the game of professional football. That's just plain not true. In those functions we interlock, of course, we have to perform as team members and not as individual personalities. But there's plenty of room for individuality. In fact, there's a need for it. And that's one of the reasons that the Vikings were successful in

1969, because of a bunch of highly individualistic people doing then highly individualistic things. A genuinely skilled coach will allow for this, and Old Storeface is definitely a winner. I may have to get my hair cut and wear a jacket and a tie on the plane, but within that square outfit I'm still allowed to be Joe Kapp. If Bud were to call me in and say, "Listen, Joe, from now on no more regular, no more chili beans, no more going to X-rated movies," then I would have to renege the situation. But he understands football players better than that.

And anyway, I let Dawson's technological skill wasn't what won the Super Bowl, but an overall team effort by the Kansas City individuals. What did I do in that game that was so "deviant," so individualistic? And what did I let Dawson do that was so technologically perfect? His team played better, that's all. If our team had played better then Meggessy could have said the reverse: that Dawson was too individualistic and I was too machine-like. If you look at the central gear on a complex drive mechanism it doesn't look like it's doing much, but if it gets off-center it looks individualistic as hell.

Well, that's ancient history, yesterday's omelette. Now my attitude is simply that we Vikings will have to go out there and do it all over again, the hard way. I don't mind. Doing things the hard way is almost a life pattern with me, and I'm not complaining, I'm not whining, I revel in it. I like the heat, I like the pressure, I like being on the spot. The last thing I want to be is Mr. Cool out there. I want to get charged up to beat the crowd, to overcome obstacles. I like being an emergency guy, an innovator, a "deviant." I wouldn't want it any other way. A man doesn't know how these things develop, whether he unknowingly selects a certain life-style or whether it's pushed on him. But coming from behind is my way, and I'm glad we get another chance to do it each year. Winning the Super Bowl on our first attempt would have been too easy. Now we'll come back and do it the hard way on our second try.

That's the way life should be lived. There's nothing more unnatural than coasting through life, howling to left and right and accepting precious gifts. Men and football teams are the same: they both should have to reach a little. **END**



WITH HIM AT HIS MOTHER'S DAIRY QUEEN IN SALINAS IS HIS BROTHER LARRY



Some people in Pittsburgh are seeing voices.

Picturephone® service is a reality in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

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The American Telephone and Telegraph Company and your local Bell Company keep working to expand the things the telephone does.

This time by showing you what's going on at the other end of it.



# SARATOGA GALLERY



For horse lovers who respond to verdure and beauty as well as racing, Saratoga remains an episode of quiet charm in a hectic season and one of the handsomest tracks in the world. Its ambience encourages repose, even in the little men who ride the lively animals. With dew still on the ground and misty light just beginning to penetrate thick foliage, exercise boys work out their charges without the distraction of city traffic or airplane noises. Owners, trainers, jockeys and bettors love Saratoga, not only for its quality racing but for its cool, slate-paved paths and the 19th century architecture of much of the surrounding town, for its graceful elms, for its pure air and water and unmarred tranquillity—which photographer Stephen Green-Armytage portrays on the following pages.

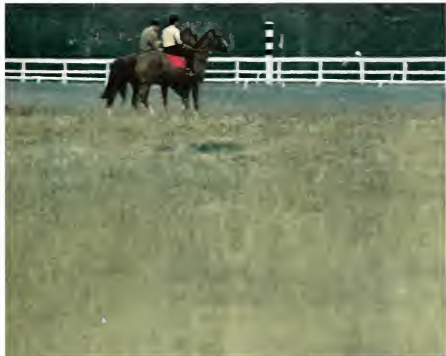






In ladies' hats and other matters, the Saratogo style is relaxed and informal. For jockeys there is a secluded area in which to rest between races while owners socialize in flower-graced boxes and victorious horse and rider leave the track. For all—guests and participants—these are the best of days.





Action down and action up in the saddle by the best jockeys in the land, on the best thoroughbreds, make Saratoga in August an aficionado's paradise. At left, they're off; at right, the race is over. At the famous Oklahoma training track (above) horses and men prepare for the afternoon's fray on turf and dirt.





# If you just want to look good, don't light it.



On the other hand,  
if you'd like to taste  
the small, mild  
cigar with all the  
flavor of a large  
cigar, go ahead.

| White Owl                                                                           | White Owl                                                                           |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
|  |  |

White Owl Miniatures & Demi-Tips.

Homes on the quiet streets near the track recall Saratoga's early days as a center of racing. On the Hudson at nearby Schuylerville, some hoosiers still moor their boats and live aboard for the month. This one belongs to Colin MacLeod Jr., of Virginia.

# FED UP WITH EXCLUSIVE CLUBS? JOIN THE CLUB.

MEMBERSHIP IS ONLY \$7. AND YOU NEVER HAVE TO SPEND ANOTHER PENNY.

you can't find any more. It's the *Andromeda* syndrome, as it's called. It means the company is right where it needs to be, but it's not doing what it needs to do. One way to measure it is to look at the ratio of direct employees to indirect employees. Indirect employees are those who support the direct employees by doing things like accounting, legal, and so on. Over the last 100 years, it's increased from 10 to 400 employees of indirect support. That's a sign of a company that's not doing what it needs to do.

FREE: "GIRL BATHING,"  
BY PIERRE BONNARD, LISTED AT \$27.50.

[illegible]

FREE: PICASSO, HIS RECENT DRAWINGS  
1964-1968. A \$75 VALUE.

There is a growing consensus among developing nations that the world is heading for a century of increasing environmental problems. The challenge is to meet the needs of the growing global population while protecting the environment and ensuring sustainable development.

**FREE: GREAT PIANO MASTERPIECES,  
\$24.95 AT RETAIL.**

[illegible]

7A

THE SEVEN  
ARTS SOCIETY

ARTS SOCIETY  
2000-2001

Any 1 kg. sent to your Neogen Society, 1500 Highway 1, is worth \$10.00. Send us your address and we will send you a 1 kg. of Neogen Society material.

☐ Get Selling by Numbers ☐ Personal Selling: A Practical Approach ☐ The Selling Process: A Practical Approach ☐ The Selling Process: A Practical Approach ☐ The Selling Process: A Practical Approach



**G**olfer Best Yancy wears one. So does ex-jockey Johnny Longden. So does Vince Lombardi. So do Golfers Carol Mann, Pam Barnett, Kathy Farrer and Linda Craft. So does the English racehorse Karamas. So do Rodeo Star Casey Tibbs and Picher Don Drysdale. So do Trainer Jim Malone and his filly Morgane.

Wear what? Why, a copper bracelet, of course.

And what do these assorted sports people and sports animals have in common? The answer is something that your grandfather usually called rheumatism and your grandfather called rheumatism. Today it goes by the classier sounding name of arthritis. These strenuous sport types are wearing the bangles in the hope of finding more and better relief from those aches in the joints than they have otherwise been able to get.

The copper caper, as medical and legal entities quietly call it, has caught on also among the self-styled beautiful people—in fact, it got its impetus from them. Candidates for the title of Old Greenstam include the king who got busted and “the woman I love,” the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. Also the Duke’s nephew by marriage, the upwardly mobile photographer Lord Snowdon. Not to mention Coco Chanel, Stavros Niarchos and the Marquess of Bath (who obligingly offers them at a modest price to visitors at his commercialized estate). From the flick world there are Lauren Bacall, Producer Dick Brown and his wife Eva Gabor. And Actor John Forsythe. The list is endless.

That the wearing of the bracelets is a fad, no one can deny. It appears to have started in southern Africa, perhaps Rhodesia, where whites troubled by rheumatism and gout noticed that the natives wore copper jewelry and had few or no such complaints. Cause and effect? The fad spread from there to Britain and now to the U.S. Business in the bracelets has mushroomed in a decade from almost nothing to a multimillion-dollar take. But are the bracelets just a fad—a latter-day snake oil to dupe the gullible? Are the sales promoters anything but conscienceless nostrum peddlers?

The wearers, of course, think other-

*Continued*



The bracelets turn your wrist green and some medical people purple, but a host of well-known athletic figures, including Trainer Johnny Longden (above), feel that they can't hurt and may help

## **CURIOUS CASE OF THE COPPER BAND**

by **GILBERT CANT**

wise Yancey declares: "I don't question this thing. I know it works for me, and I'm never going to take it off. My tennis elbow hasn't bothered me since I got it." Yancey goes so far as to suggest that the bracelet saved his career and enabled him to win the \$25,000 Bing Crosby Open. Before he got it he had tried prescribed medicines but complained that they upset his stomach.

Longden, now a trainer, has been bothered by an arthritic condition for so long that he can't count the years. "It was so bad that I couldn't double my hand to hold the reins," he says. His bracelet was recommended to him by a Montana Crow Indian. "After I got it I could hold a horse, so I guess it helped. Anyway, I've worn one so long that I'm convinced. Took it off once to see what happened. My knuckles enlarged so I couldn't hold a whip. Put it back on, and I was fine. Now it never comes off anymore."

Lombardi has been wearing his bracelet (he forgets who gave it to him) since July of last year and credits it with curing arthritis in his hip. Then he adds: "You have to be a believer, too!" Surprisingly, many wearers are as candid as Lombardi in that regard; they admit that it may be "all in the mind" but contend with considerable logic that if they feel better, by whatever mechanism, the thing is doing some good.

Australian Tennis Players John Newcombe and Tony Roche appeared to think that the bracelets were doing them

some good, so much so that their use of them was mentioned by a TV commentator at Forest Hills last September. (This touched off a flurry of repressive action by legal authorities.) Now the green bloom has worn off. Newcombe refuses to discuss the matter. Roche concedes that he is no longer paid to wear one, though he keeps his on anyway. "It doesn't hurt to wear it, does it?" A more significant question is how much good it has done him. Roche still has trouble with his shoulder and elbow.

The most difficult wearers to evaluate are dumb animals. On this issue, a talking horse would be a great help. Lacking one, it's up to the trainer to judge whether a horse has an arthritic condition. Bernard Van Cutsem made this decision about Karabas and got a copper pastern strap from Lieut. Colonel Arthur Forbes of Sevenhampton, Gloucestershire. It seems that Forbes picked up the bracelet idea in Africa and went into the business in the early 1960s. Since he had been a game warden he has given special attention to animals (though it was Forbes' bracelets that Newcombe and Roche were touting). While Karabas still isn't talking, the fact is that he won the Washington International in Laurel, Md. last November. Forbes claims that a pastern strap also helped Black Prince II, which finished third in the Epsom Derby in 1966.

With Jim Maloney it's a case of like me, like my horse. The trainer for Wil-

liam Haggin Perry's stables, Maloney had been plagued by what was diagnosed as a heavy calcium deposit in the left hip. Two years ago he got a bracelet from Casey Tibbs, who had got it from England. (Tibbs has now gone into the business.) Maloney says he used to have to get injections every three to four weeks, now he has needed only one in two years. The stakes-winning filly Morgane, now retired, had persistent trouble with arthritis, as diagnosed by Maloney, but he put a copper pastern strap on her—and with that she kept on winning.

Bracelet promoters are certainly shrewd and have some clever come-ons. In neither the U.S. nor Canada can pitchmen claim any medicinal or therapeutic benefit from a product that has not been approved—meaning that it is considered effective—by the respective government authorities. Several overzealous vendors have been put out of business because they violated the laws against making medical claims. In these cases the lawmen undoubtedly were technically right. But New York's crusading Attorney General Louis J. Lefkowitz was playing to the stands when he declared: "Medieval alchemists who tried to transform base metals into gold have [sic] nothing on modern medical quacks, who claim to use copper as a cure." Lefkowitz warned of "a sudden revival of popularity of one of the oldest and most vicious medical swindles." Fad or swindle, I'm not sure it is as old as it is reported to be.



WEARERS—AND HURTING LESS, THEY SAY—ARE CAROL MANN, VINCE LOMBARDI, JIM MALONEY (WHO ALSO PUT ONE ON A FILLY)

One who tried to give the bracelet a patina of antiquity was Mike Gilbert, 29, a go-getting San Franciscan who was recently advertising bracelets (at \$7.95) this way: "People since the days of the ancient Greeks have testified to the mysterious powers of the copper bracelet. For some unexplained reason copper bracelets have been worn since the days of the Greek dynasty [whatever that means] by people who believed in copper's mysterious power to reduce aches and pains." The feds and the state of California thought otherwise and reduced Gilbert's business to zero. Much early advertising was like Gilbert's. Now it is far more subtle.

Bonwit Teller, with stores in New York, Chicago and a dozen other places, relies on snob appeal: "What! You don't own the polished copper status bracelet? ... Something about copper's elemental power to ward off things with bad vibrations." A national advertiser in *The New York Times* is equally cagey: "What's behind the new copper bracelet mystique? ... Some people think they are the hippest sort of talisman guaranteeing good luck, good health and good cheer. Maybe ... but fun to wear. \$5." New York's ASC Stores Ltd. figure they have no need to say anything beyond: "We have them! Solid copper bracelets! And ours are beautiful." The competition must be getting keener for ASC has cut its one-inch model from \$3.98 to \$2.98. Spencer Gifts of Atlantic City went so far as to advertise its

chain-link model in the negative: "We *refute* all claims that copper, when worn, relieves pain of Arthritis, Bursitis, Rheumatism, 'Tennis Elbow,' and other 'Joint' diseases." Their sales pitch is on fashion and hushed beauty.

The U.S. medical establishment has stomped on the bracelets with hobnailed boots. The American Medical Association, which has been more conspicuous in recent years for its Neanderthal politics than for advancing health, publishes *Today's Health*, a supposedly authoritative monthly for the layman. In June it carried a big blast under the headline, COPPER BRACELETS ARE A PUT-ON. In it the writer recounted some "case histories" that rang as hollow as a cracked cowbell in which victims of arthritis suffered needlessly because they relied on a copper bracelet instead of going to a doctor. This is the position taken by The Arthritis Foundation, which warns people with arthritis not to substitute wearing a copper bracelet for seeing a qualified physician.

Now, I have great respect for The Arthritis Foundation. Its personnel are indeed expert and dedicated to a worthy cause. But I don't have to agree with all its judgments. A major factor creating room for disagreement is that no one really knows what arthritis is.

The truth is that our knowledge of arthritis today is not much more advanced than was knowledge about "fever" 200 years ago, and the word is used almost as loosely. What used to be The Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation changed its name in 1964 for two reasons. Aside from brevity, one reason was good—the word "rheumatism" is a misnomer based on a wildly wrong 16th-century theory. One reason was not so good: "arthritis" is widely considered synonymous with the most crippling but by no means the most common form of the complaint and therefore has dramatic, fund-raising value. Literally, arthritis means "joint inflammation." But that is too narrow a term for all the disorders involving the joints and their attachments that the human body incurs. Sometimes it becomes self-contradictory, as when the foundation says that inflammation is not commonly a feature of osteoarthritis. The foundation once listed 83 disorders under the heading of arthritis, but four major types concern us:

1) Rheumatoid Arthritis. By far the most devastating. Attacks three times

as many women (mostly in their 30s) as men. Progressively crippling, unless aggressively and skillfully treated but sometimes, for no apparent reason, subsides for awhile. Possibly three million U.S. victims.

2) Osteoarthritis. Associated with growing older, though local joint pain may appear in childhood. Basically not inflammatory, but an affected joint may be swollen, hot and tender. Highly variable in its progression and in the degree of resulting pain and incapacity.

3) Nonarticular Rheumatism. Not primarily in the joints themselves, but in their attachments. Best-known is bursitis, or inflammation of the fluid-filled sacs that serve as roller cushions for moving parts around joints. The bursae may become filled with calcium. Bursitis usually results from intensive use of particular muscles or joints and is therefore common in athletes. For the same reason so are inflammation of a tendon sheath (tenosynovitis), of a tendon itself (tendinitis), of muscle (myositis) or of bony projections at the elbow and knee (epicondylitis). Fibrositis may cover inflammation in both muscles and joints, but its accuracy as a diagnostic label is disputed.

4) Traumatic Arthritis. Literally, "due to injury," but more often due to excessive use of certain joints or muscles, at work or in sport, or to using them in ways for which nature did not design them (the best example of this is football knee). Some overlap with the previous group. Pitcher's or golfer's arm is usually bursitis under the subdeltoid shoulder muscle. Sket shooter's shoulder is usually tendinitis. So is golfer's wrist. Tennis elbow may come from tendinitis, bursitis or epicondylitis or any two or all three of them. Bleacher fans may develop weaver's bottom, or bursitis in the behind.

The writer in *Today's Health* described the horrors of a case of rheumatoid arthritis and thereafter used the word arthritis so loosely that the average reader would think that those horrors applied to all arthritic disorders. The Arthritis Foundation tends to do the same thing. This, I submit, is intellectually not cricket. Any form of arthritis is bad enough without having an inappropriate element of panic added. And because doctors can do *something* about most of them, a commonsense rule emerges, anyone who has pain that is severe or per-

continued



AND BERT RANCEY, WHO WON \$25,000



**LEO**  
(July 24—Aug. 23)

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#### COPPER BAND *continued*

sistent or both should see a doctor, get the best medical advice he can and follow doctor's orders as to treatment. Neglect can indeed be dangerous.

That settled, what are the reasons for and against wearing a bracelet?

In all honesty there are no confirmed scientific reasons for it. Metallic copper is not corrosive to the skin and even if it were there is no evidence that arthritides need more copper in their blood—in fact, some rheumatoid-arthritis patients have abnormally high levels. But as the now familiar green stain attests, not all the copper stays in metallic form. We all sweat. The salt (sodium chloride) reacts with the copper to form copper chloride—thus the green stain. There is no evidence that this, either, is absorbed through the skin or that if it were it would do any good. (But ironically the reverse can be proved: workers in the copper industry sweat green! Nature is getting rid of an excess of copper salts.) Sweat contains other compounds besides salt, fatty acids, lactate, and ascorbic acids, albumin, urea and other body chemicals. But these are present only in trace amounts, and if any of them interact with copper to produce a beneficial, absorbable compound no one has the data to prove it.

If we rule out the chemical, what about an electrical effect? Again there is no evidence of any. Even if the bracelet has an electrical potential different from that of the wearer's body, no one knows how this could have any medicinal value. The current would be minuscule.

Some bracelet sellers make a great point of the purity of their product. If there were any electrical phenomenon involved, contamination with zinc, say, would neutralize it. (Perhaps significantly, there seem to be no medical claims for brass, which is an alloy of copper and zinc.) SI sent five bracelets from different sources to a metallurgical-chemist for analysis and got these ratings:

By source, Rhodesia—copper 99.93%, a trace of silver. South Africa—copper 99.94%, traces of silver, iron, lead and tin. Arizona—copper 99.95%, traces of silver and iron. New York City (Store A)—copper 99.91%, traces of silver, zinc, aluminum, iron and silicon. New York City (Store B)—copper 99.83%, traces of iron, silver, lead, zinc, nickel, silicon, tin and manganese.

The copper would have to be highly purified indeed to justify the current

bracelet prices, ranging in the U.S. from 75¢ to \$100 for no more than an ounce of the metal. It wholesales at around 6½¢ a pound.

An editor friend is surrounded by copper day and night as both his wife and his secretary wear bracelets, both bought in Rhodesia. The wife has osteo in her hands, moderate enough that she has never bothered to see a doctor about it. She swears that since she got her bracelet in February her hands are much, much better.

The secretary's case is more dramatic, because her illness has been more severe and more puzzling. Jean, as we'll call her, has had fibrositis, as her doctors call it, for 10 years, and in such severe form that she has spent more than one week-long stretch in Boston's Robert Breck Brigham Hospital. There some of the most respected arthritis experts ran innumerable tests and tried to figure out how to relieve her pain and swelling. The best they could devise was relentless dosing with Plaquenil, a powerful drug against both arthritis and malaria, but dangerous because it may damage the eyes. Last winter, after Jean had been on the staff for four years straight, her ophthalmologist told her to get off it as he saw incipient eye changes.

What to do? Despite the heroic treatment, Jean's knees were swollen to nearly double normal size, and many mornings her hands were so stiff that she could not grasp a coffee cup. In February her boss gave her one of those Rhodesian bracelets (1 shilling, or 12¢, in Salisbury.) Jean said when she put it on that it was only for kicks, and she didn't really believe in it. But within three days both hands and knees felt vastly better—so much better that she took her ophthalmologist's advice to drop the Plaquenil and has felt no need for any other medicine since. That's an even six months. Her knees look normal, and she has had only one recurrence of pain in the week when she substituted the relatively impure New York Store B bracelet as an experiment (she also has an Arizona bracelet that she believes is just as effective as the Rhodesian one).

I have no license to practice medicine and offer no medical opinion. As a reporter, I have stated the facts.

The Medical Establishment, in general, and The Arthritis Foundation, in particular, would be on sounder ground if they also would state only the known

lerts. And when they denounce the bracelet as a superstitious folk remedy, let them not forget that they are themselves relying on just such medicines or modern derivatives of them. Arthritis experts would be insulted if you accused them of daily prescribing tons of stuff that has been around since the days of Hippocrates (say, 2,500 years) without knowing how it works. But that is exactly what they are doing with aspirin. Hippocratic physicians claimed good results from a tea made with willow bark (so did the American Indians before Columbus landed). Of course, they didn't know its chemical composition. We do, and we know that it contains acetylsalicylic acid (the name comes from *Salix*, the Latin for willow). This, in the form of aspirin, is the drug most widely used against all forms of arthritis. And although we know this is the active principle in willow bark, we still don't know how it works. Any doctor who tells you that he does is as bad as a quack.

You'd like something more exotic than willow bark for your gout? So take autumn crocus. Its flowers are a delight in the fall (when the willows are getting bare). Ancient physicians made a brew of it from both leaves and bulbs and said it was great for the gout. So does The Arthritis Foundation, although its scientists use a technically advanced form now synthesized. They call it colchicine (from the formal name of the autumn crocus).

If so base a metal as copper isn't good enough for you (even in Cartier's \$100 gold-trimmed bracelet form), why not go to pure gold? You can go to the most respected and orthodox specialist, and he may give you gold salts by injection if you have rheumatoid arthritis. He will even give you, for no extra fee, a fancy Greek name for the treatment chrysotherapy. You want to know how and why this works? Are you kidding? The doctors don't know. They stumbled upon the treatment by accident.

Considering the history of these three remedies that work so mysteriously, it seems that all the evidence on the copper bracelet is not yet in. It may indeed be worthless, but it is far more difficult to prove the negative than to prove the positive, difficult as even that may be. The canny Scots, in their legal system, have a verdict that's in between "guilty" and "not guilty." It is: "not proven."

END



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◆ "The only phobia I have that I know about is heights," says **Paul Newman**, which is an unfortunate phobia to have, as he is now in Oregon shooting a movie about lumberjacks from Ken Kesey's novel *Sawtooth* a *Great Novels*. Among other things, Newman's role calls for him to scale a 90-foot pine tree with a chain saw and hand ax, a feat lumberjacks sometimes perform as a variety of competitive sport. Newman came to the Oregon shooting site two weeks early to work with a real-life logger in preparation. "It's a real fear," he says. "I get clumsy even watching somebody else up in a tree, and it takes a lot of acting to cover up the fear."

◆ "Maybe what I'm doing now is going to get me somewhere, anywhere," mused peaceful **Joe Peipone** last week at his Brooklyn hairdressing salon, after jumping the Houston Astros. "I'd love to be traded—that's the whole thing—close to New York." His preference for his old New York club is blatantly obvious. The waiting room of the salon is decorated with a doz-

en photographs of Yankee players, the man one showing Peipone at bat in a Yankee uniform. Whether or not Peipone is traded, his business partners in Brooklyn are advising him to go back to the big leagues. They've taken an option on property in upstate New York for a baseball camp. For that they need a baseball player. One partner invited, "Joe's going to go back under chains if we have to drag him." The other added, with determination, "Or if I have to go back with him."

Politicians who are with it not only make speeches about the environment, they get right out there and do something. Taking a paddle in hand, **Senator Edmund Muskie** recently ran the five-mile of Chase Rips in Maine by canoe. The occasion was the dedication of the Allagash Wilderness Waterway—the first state-administered stream to become part of the national effort to preserve wild, scenic rivers. After viewing the Allagash from his canoe Muskie suggested that the protected strips of land along the waterway be widened to "line of sight" rather than the 500- to 1,000-foot margin now provided. "A slope could be 1,000 feet from the river but still destroy the wilderness character if it was logged over," he noted. For all the talk, Muskie did his fair share of the paddling. The Senator's guide commented that "he pulled like an outboard when I told him to dig in."

The **Medic-Aid** Foundation, an organization that registers the assorted allergies and maladies of its members, awarded **Ron Hunt** of the San Francisco Giants the MHP trophy. MHP stands for "most hit by pitcher"—a National League distinction Hunt attained last month when he was plunked on the back by Mike Wegener of Montreal for hit No. 119. Hunt was

presented the trophy—a ball-player with a baseball planted in his rib cage—and promptly remarked: "I accept this not only for myself, but on behalf of all those pitchers in the National League who made it all possible."

◆ The big man with the goatee and the white head band is tough but he's been losing championships this year. **Fast Wilt Chamberlain** and the Los Angeles Lakers went down in the final round of the NBA playoffs. Now his volleyball team is 6-2 against Sand and Sea—considered by many to be the four-man national championship team—in match play at Will Rogers State Beach in Los Angeles. Wilt is teamed with fellow Laker **Keith Erickson**, veteran volleyball star **Gene Seltnick** and alternates **Bob Hogan** and **Bob Clem** in the \$2,500 challenge match. Chamberlain took up the sport to strengthen his knee after surgery early last season. "If Wilt keeps at it," Erickson says, "he'll eventually be unstoppable. Remember, he can reach nine three. It's only a mat-

ter of when Wilt, with the dedication he is showing, couples his height, jumping skill and driving power to become a totally destructive force in volleyball." By contrast, the fans, sprawled on the sand, hanging off adjacent poles or perched on the seawall, are a bit harder on the neophyte volleyballer. One of the beach's experts noted: "Wilt's been playing less than a year. He's 100% better, but he still has a long way to go."

Sounding just like **Andy Hardy**, **Mickey Rooney** recently appeared at a Variety Club luncheon to raise money to send needy children to camp. He urged that money be raised by "a real Hollywood-style deal, by making a comedy movie once a year on a maximum budget of \$200,000, which would gross two or three million." If that seemed farfetched even for Hollywood, Rooney vowed that he "would produce, direct or even act in it without any charge whatever." On the lighter side, the seven-times-wed actor apologized for his informal outfit—a turtleneck, sweater and slacks—by saying, "You fellows know I've had a few divorces along the backstretch, and this was the best I could do."

They're called hairpieces these days, not toupees, and they're no longer advertised in small print next to ads for cream that removes facial hair. Balking executives buy long ones to look hip. Hippies buy short ones to pass inspection at military-reserve meetings. And **Ennio Grifflib** is going to wear a hairpiece in his next fight with **Nino Benvenuti**. Grifflib's co-manager, **Howard Albert**, is also president of the sales division of one of the largest wig firms in the world. Albert couldn't ask for a better endorsement than having the hair stay on—particularly if Grifflib gets knocked out.



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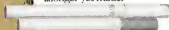
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# When a Rose ran over a Mule

The Yankee Clipper, the Marassa Mauler, the Whoson Isoman, Broadway Joe . . .

Perhaps someday Ray Fosse, the 23-year-old catcher for the Cleveland Indians, will be the Maron Mule—a reference combining the name of the Illinois city where he was born and a boyhood nickname. Of course, the more sophisticated may be satisfied to leave well enough alone, since his real last name seems descriptively appropriate enough. A fosse, according to a definition in Webster's, is a ditch serving as a barrier against the enemy.

That, after all, was how America first discovered Ray Fosse in the All-Star Game three weeks ago. It was the 12th inning, Fosse's ninth behind the plate. His blacksmith arms had long become familiar to millions of viewers. He had scored one run and driven in another for the American League. But he was still just another player among all the stars until he took a stance to block Pete Rose from home plate. Rose thundered head-on into Fosse and sent him crashing backward as he crossed the plate with the winning run.



INDIAN RAY FOSSE IS SUDDENLY FAMOUS

But Fosse had done all that he could, and he suddenly was saluted as a gallant fallen warrior. He was left with a bruised shoulder—and instant fame. The Ray Fosse Booster Club of Maron had sent him a telegram with 1,713 signatures when he was selected to the All-Star team. Now his constituency was nationwide.

"He's the best catcher I've ever pitched to," Sudden Sam McDowell says. "Ray thinks like a pitcher. I shake off his signs very seldom, maybe two or three times a game. Lou Klimchick, who was a teammate of Ray's in Portland, Ore., told me that someday Fosse would be the best catcher in the major leagues. Now I believe it. He has sure surprised me coming along this fast."

Last season, his first full year in the majors, Fosse compiled a set of unenviable statistics. He appeared in 37 games, struck out 29 times, batted 172 and, defensively, accumulated seven errors and seven passed balls for a dismal .977 average. Milwaukee's Tommy Harper, the American League's leading base stealer, recalls a series in Cleveland last year when the fans almost ran Fosse all the way back to Maron. "I guess I was the reason," Harper says. "I stole three bases in one game and five in the series and they really got on him."

Alvin Dark, the Indian manager, wasn't so hasty to condemn the rookie substitute catcher. "You never know how these kids are going to come through, but we had high hopes for Fosse," said Dark. "That's why we traded Joe Arcie. We figured Fosse would be a good catcher."

Ray took the starting job from Duke Sims early in the season and shortly thereafter ripped off a 23-game hitting streak, the longest in the American League since 1961. After 88 games, he leads the Indians in three batting departments: hits (102), home runs (16) and average (.309). Says Yankee Coach Elton Howard: "It just goes to show

that you never really know what a guy can do until you give him a chance to play. He's one of the best young catchers I've seen in the league in a long time."

One man who is not surprised at Fosse's success is Walter Shannon, a smiling Irishman and former Cleveland scout who used to take the 120-mile drive down to Maron from St. Louis "to see this kid catch." Shannon, now director of scouting for the Orioles, remembers, "The more I saw him the better I liked him. I recommended that the Indians make him their first draft pick. I told them that he was the best young catcher I had ever seen—and the Indians knew that I had scouted and signed Tim McCarter."

Fosse was always big for his age. By his senior year at Maron High School he stood 6'2" and weighed 205 pounds. His nickname, Mule, was derived from his physical strength and his stubborn refusal to accept defeat. But it also refers to his shock of black hair and prominent teeth. He was a standout football and basketball player and became a catcher on the baseball team his sophomore year when he batted .475 and won the first of three most valuable player awards.

Not surprisingly, the Cleveland organization was impressed by Shannon's opinion. He was watching the College World Series in Omaha the day Fosse was drafted and, after checking with the general manager on the amount of money to offer, Shannon departed for Maron. The following evening he was at the Fosse home discussing finance with Ray, his mother and a lawyer. The meeting proved unsatisfactory. Ray wanted \$10,000 more than Shannon had been instructed to offer.

Shannon left and had driven 15 miles back up the road when he suddenly stopped his car in Carbondale. "I said to myself, 'I'm not going to let that kid get away,'" Shannon remembers. "When I got back to his house it was midnight. I woke up his mother and she told me that Ray was at a dance with his girl. We called him at the dance and then called the lawyer." Best estimates are that Fosse signed for \$28,000, including his bonus, which exceeded what the front office had originally intended to give him by about \$8,000. "I have often wondered," Shannon muses, "what would have happened if I hadn't turned around in Carbondale that night."



The Marion Male smiles now at the memory of the episode that determined his adult life. "I probably would have accepted a football-baseball scholarship with the University of Alabama and been off to college."

Lake Broadway Joe. . .

## THE WEEK

**NL EAST** Several hundred Puerto Ricans, including his family, flew to PITTSBURGH for Roberto Clemente Night at Three Rivers Stadium. The rest of his countrymen were able to watch the proceedings via satellite telecast. Clemente stood before a crowd of 43,000 to receive numerous gifts, and promised his cheering admirers "I'll never wear any uniform other than a Pirate uniform." Then he stepped to the plate, collected two hits and made two circus catches in right field. But the best was still to come. Two days later, against the Astros, he hit three consecutive homers—one a grand slam. All year Leo Diorecher has played the circus act on the shoulders of his ailing catcher, Randy Hundley. "If Hundley hadn't been injured," Leo lamented, "the Cubs would be right there." Hundley, recuperated from his injury, returned to the lineup and the Cubs responded accordingly. Cub pitchers had four consecutive complete games, allowed only three earned runs in 36 innings and banded the Reds their first shutout of the year. "I guess this gives us California," announced Manager Frank Lucchesi after PHOENIX completed a road trip against the Giants, Padres and Dodgers with nine wins and only two losses. NEW YORK showed some of their old magic. Tommie Agee stole home as the 10th inning to beat the Dodgers, and the next day pinch-hitter Dave Marshall was sent up to bat, forced out on two pitches and then hit the game-winning homer. So far is held a 35-minute players-only meeting before Saturday's game at Cincinnati and then lost its eighth straight. MONTEAL returned to Jarry Park for a 16-game home stand and delirious fans were waiting. A capacity crowd of 28,000 appeared for a doubleheader despite record-high temperatures. Canadian attendance is right up there with the thermometer—it's risen by more than 70,000.

PITTS 55-45 NY 42-48 CHC 50-49  
PHIL 48-51 MONT 42-47 ST. L 41-57

**NL WEST** It was a rare moment of exuberance for the followers of the Padres, the team with the worst record in the league last season. Pitcher Clay Kirby, who lost 20 games in his rookie season, was losing again. This time,

however, it appeared to be a glorious defeat. Clay had pitched eight innings of hitless ball—though he was down 1-0 to the Mets thanks to two first-inning walks, two stolen bases and a scoring grounder. When it came his turn to bat with two out and none on in the eighth, Manager Preston Gomez removed the 22-year-old righthander for a pinch hitter, Clarence Gaston, who proceeded to strike out. The crowd of 10,373 at San Diego Stadium nearly roared, and one of its members charged the Padre dugout in search of Gomez. "I knew the fans would be upset, but I play to win," explained the unruffled manager. Earlier in the week Bill Singer of the ANGELS had no-hit the Phils. It was a remarkable achievement for Singer—who is now nicknamed "No-No" because after a brilliant start this season he had been victimized by hepatitis, an illness that normally requires six months to shake. Like Joe Peptide (page 42), Jim Wynn is unhappy in Houston: He also believes that the Astros have too many rules, and he expressed his desire to be traded. The team, not yet suffering from the spreading discontent, won four straight. ATLANTA Manager Lamar Harris admitted he "threw a fit" in the clubhouse after an 11-1 loss to the Cubs. "I'd tried everything else," he said, "so I decided to throw a fit and see what happened." The next day the Braves responded behind Phil Niekro with a 9-0 win. Johnny Bench took the home-run lead from Cincinnati teammate Tony Perez in their chase after Roger Maris' asterisk. Bench hit three in a row against the Cardinals in one game and now has 33 to Perez' 30. SAN FRANCISCO was a wounded club. Willie Mays, Willie McCovey and Dick Dierks all sat out a series with the Phillies.

CHC 70-30 LA 56-41 ATL 46-35  
SF 48-50 HOV 45-54 SD 49-51

**AL EAST** "My spring training is over," said Danny McLain after he defeated the Twins for his first victory in six starts. Four days later McLain won again, this time against the White Sox. "We can still win the pennant with my winning again," he said. But Detroit found solace only in McLain's victories. The Tigers lost all their other games of the week and fell 6½ games behind an injury-riddled Catcher Fred Hendricks in the first grand-slam homer of his major league career and batted in six runs in a 14-5 win over the White Sox. Then the Orioles moved into Kansas City for a rest. As usual, the Orioles swept the Royals—they have won 20 straight against the expansion team. Sam McDowell of CLEVELAND won his 15th game last week but still found cause for complaint. "If we were in the West we'd be fighting for the lead," he said. "That's right

fighting for the lead." Astros embarked on a prolonged road trip of the season and proceeded to lose twice to Milwaukee. Only Carl Yastrzemski was hitting well, boosting his average to .324. Jim Lumborg, the other Red Sox superhero three seasons ago, was sent down to Louisville. "Jim has a deep-rooted muscular condition in his right arm," Trainer Biddy LeRoux explained. "He's had a lot of cortisone and you can only do so much. After that you need a big assist from Mother Nature." One of nature's largest products, Frank Howard, had another booming week for Washington. He hit four homers to raise his total to 28. One was a 495-footer against the Angels. Was a week's batting average of .183, now York continued to drop from contention.

BALT 62-27 DET 55-42 NY 51-45  
BOS 50-47 WASH 47-52 CLE 48-53

**AL WEST** Although MINNAPOLIS trailed the Twins by 27 games at the end of the week, there was some hope for the young franchise. Tim Lincecum was hitting .316, Phil Nease had a six-game winning streak going and a mascot named Bernie Brewer was still in his home trailer atop the scoreboard in County Stadium. Bernie was in his second week in his strange home and the crowds seemed to take to him even though Bernie declared that he really preferred football to baseball and, well, he didn't like beer much at all. Undaunted by the team's opinionated mascot, the hyperactive Brewer from office waged an oddball's game, despite the fact that the club is less than two years old. The KANSAS CITY management planned to pass out free rabbits' feet to the crowd in the opening game of the Royals' series with Baltimore (a team it hasn't beaten in more than a year). But Coach Harry Dunlop got an advance supply and passed rabbits' feet out to the team before the final game with the Tigers. Pitcher Jim Rooker hung his around his neck and proceeded to snap the Royals' six-game losing streak. The brightest spot in another dismal week for last-place MINNAPOLIS was two complete-game victories from Tommy John. Using his fat "bottle ball," John collected his 10th hit of the year, along with his ninth victory. "People can't believe the hit," he said. "They come up and stare at it." The MINNAPOLIS (page 14) starters allowed just four runs between them, but Andy Messersmith, the ace pitcher of the MINNAPOLIS staff a year ago, left the starting rotation for his second examination of the season. His replacement is young Greg Gurnett, a flake known to his teammates as Papa Cass. Reggie Jackson was sent down to the seventh spot in the OAKLAND lineup. "If the man says I bat seventh, I bat seventh," Reggie conceded.

MINN 60-33 CAL 56-41 OAK 54-44  
KC 38-53 MIL 36-53 CHS 32-57



Kansas City Coach Hank Stram warms up while he waits for his regulars to report for the College All-Star game. The Chiefs were the only team given the O.K. to gather as the owners and players went on bargaining.

## *The owners and players fumble on in Philly*

Depending on which side you were on, it was either a lockout or a strike. To the 1,300 members of the National Football League Players' Association, it was a lockout. To the owners of the 26 pro teams, it was a strike. No matter the name, the players were not reporting for pre-season practice last week, and the owners closed their camps to all but the few rookies on their rosters (Rookies do not qualify for membership in the Players' Association until they have played in three league games.) Just in case the Players' Association and the NFL reached agreement, many players worked out on their own, gathering on vacant lots and high school fields from Miami to San Francisco.

Meanwhile, back in good old Philadelphia, the wrangling went on between the Players' Association and owners. Briefly put, they were arguing over a piece of change in the pension plan. This sum amounted to \$4.5 million or \$9.9 million, depending on whose accountant was doing the figuring. The contract between the NFL and the Players' Association expired last February, and discussions about a new contract had been going on haphazardly since then, much in the manner of another Italian cabinet crisis. Not until it was almost time for the training camps to open did the owners and players finally get down to what they call "hard bargaining." This meant

they both had better get a new contract signed if they want to play any football this year.

Until late last week it looked as if the first casualty of the conflict would be the Chicago *Tribune's* charity game between the Kansas City Chiefs, the Super Bowl champs, and the College All-Stars on the night of July 31. For some undiscovered reason, this annual mismatch always draws a large audience and produces handsomely for the *Tribune* Charities, but it makes the owners and their coaches nervous. For one thing, it keeps some of their best rookies from training camp for two to three weeks of the new season; for another, expensive beefcake sometimes gets

bruised beyond repair. (The Boston Patriots' No. 1 draft choice, Defensive Tackle Phil Olsen, is already on crutches and out for the year as a result of an All-Star practice session.) If there were a convenient way to drop the game, the owners would break out the champagne, but their consciences will not let them do it recklessly. The older members of the league remember only too well how much they appreciated the recognition and revenue in the days before TV made them instant millionaires.

Last Saturday, with only a week left before the All-Star kickoff, John Mackey, the Baltimore tight end who is the president of the Players' Association, gave a little ground and agreed to allow Kansas City to start practicing for the game in Chicago. The supposed reasoning was that the Chiefs, who will get regular game pay for their appearance, were being penalized more than the other players by the strike or lockout. But, in point of fact, the Chiefs themselves had already secretly voted to play the game no matter what the Association said, and the Association had previously agreed to pay them for sitting out the All-Star Game.

Mackey, a native New Yorker who measures 6' 2" and 220 pounds on playing days, has been voted the best tight end in the history of football. With the ball under his arm he has carried numerous tacklers on his back for considerable distances, and this experience has been of some value to him in the current fuss. "I've got broad shoulders," he said in the midst of the negotiations, "and I can take a lot more abuse than I've already had."

The essence of the player argument is that not enough of the pie is going into their pension fund, which is now 11 years old and supported mainly by contributions from the Super Bowl and Playoff Bowl. Under the last contract the owners contributed \$2.8 million a year to the fund, resulting in benefits starting at \$7,800 a year for a six-year veteran aged 65, and graduating up to \$12,000 a year for a 10-year man aged 65 or more. The owners have now offered to increase their ante by nearly \$2 million a year over the next four years, bringing the retirement benefits to a minimum of \$8,280 for the five-year veteran and a maximum of \$59,940 for the 15-year man. Hardly a pit-

tance, but the Players' Association wants more.

Another hitch is that the owners have asked some concessions in return. They want the players to make themselves available for free appearances before local civic groups. The owners also want the players to stop writing all those books of memoirs that tell who said what to whom in the locker room. The owners want to be able to calibrate the length of a player's hair and pass sartorial judgment on his apparel.

Between laughs at these demands, the players keep on returning to the pension fund. The initial player demand was for \$8.5 million more in the fund—to come out of the \$10 million additional money in the new television contract—but they have since scaled this down to \$6.5 million. The owners, who understandably retain a deep commitment to the profit motive in a time of squeezing costs, say they will go broke. Then again the players argue that the owners' offer usurps the \$550,000 the players realize from their NFL endorsement fund and other sources. The players now use this money for their Players' Association office and other expenses. In reparation, the owners say they would give them \$50,000 a year to run their office.

As in all labor negotiations it was obvious that both sides were asking for the moon when all they really expected was a piece of green cheese. During the original bargaining sessions in New York, Tex Schramm of the Dallas Cowboys and Ralph Wilson of the Buffalo Bills represented the owners, and every time they were reported to have made a concession there were howls from their fellows. Mackey, who was advised by Alan Miller, a former Oakland Raider running back who is now the lawyer for the Players' Association, finally concluded that there was no way they were going to reach a settlement and asked the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service in Washington to enter the case.

Even that was a problem. The owners seemed to think they were being lured into a trap in Washington. They claimed that the players had too many political friends there, whatever that meant. Somebody suggested Baltimore as a suitable meeting place with the federal mediators, but the owners thought

that city was too close to Washington. The whole affair began to sound like the hassle over the shape of the Vietnam bargaining table in Paris. Finally, toward the end of last week, both sides agreed they would be reasonably safe in Philadelphia, where the feds occupy a suite of offices with rooms especially designed for wrangling disputants. Schramm and Wilson brought along Theodore Kheel, a New York lawyer with a long record of settling labor disputes, like subway and garbage strikes. Mackey was backed up by Ken Bowman, a rugged Green Bay center who looked as if he would prefer to settle the thing with a block, and Ernie Wright, a tackle for the Cincinnati Bengals whose look was as set as any owner's.

Both sides refused to comment publicly about their early discussions in Philadelphia, and the only information the feds would freely offer was the time of the next meeting. When Mackey announced the Chiefs would be allowed to practice for Chicago, speculation heated up anew. Some observers regarded it as the first thaw; others as a sign that Mackey and his associates did not want to be held responsible for depriving their fellow athletes of a little *pourboire*.

Despite occasional mutterings from disconsolate owners that the whole schedule might be canceled if a settlement were delayed much longer, it is hard to believe that the 1970 season is in serious jeopardy, for the simple reason that both sides would suffer needlessly. Can anyone imagine the owners abandoning all that TV money, to say nothing of their close relationship with the three networks that share pro ball this year? Can anyone imagine an owner, say George Halas, refunding season-ticket money? And what about players? The average wage in salary and fringe benefits already comes to \$25,000 a year for six months of work. Practically all of them are motivated by a deep reverence for the security of hearth, home and family. One can easily imagine what their wives would say if they decided to sit out the season. What about the new house in the country and the swimming pool we had planned? Who will pick up the installments on the crime stole and the Mercedes convertible?

No wonder they are all trying to keep in shape.

END

## It's beer, bratwurst and a guts game

**First came the flying pie plate  
and then the world championship**

The Frisbee, that eminently sailable plastic disk, is moving across the sometimes-thin line that separates toys from sporting goods, leaving behind the Yo-Yo, the Pogo stick and the Bongo Board. It used to be that Frisbee was, as its package says, "America's favorite game of catch," about as competitive as two kids on a teeter-totter. That was before Guts Frisbee was invented, however, before the college kids discovered it and before the Julius T. Nachazel Memorial Trophy was introduced.

Thirteen years ago the Wham-O Manufacturing Company of San Gabriel, Calif.—the outfit guilty of distracting us with Hula Hoops and Super Bulls—brought out the first Frisbee. Wham-O purchased the rights from a Los Angeles

building inspector named Fred Morrison, who in turn had been inspired by the airworthy pie tins of the Frisbie bakery in Bridgeport, Conn. (which went out of business in March of 1958). He changed the spelling to avoid legal problems.

The thing figured to be a fad toy that would glide well for a year or two and then be grounded, the leftovers to be sold as dog-dish dishes. Yet today it is bigger than ever and Morrison, the Father of Frisbee, is doing nicely on his royalties—more than \$500,000 to date.

The name Frisbee is, of course, a registered trademark and Wham-O alertly tries to keep it capitalized (like Coke and Ping-Pong) so it won't become a generic term (like cola or table tennis). Frisbee also has a patent, No. 3,359,678, but that hasn't kept much but the "new rib design" (similar to the ridges and grooves in a phonograph record) from being copied.

As in the garment industry, any hot item in the toy and novelty business will have its imitations, called "knockoffs" in the trade. Someone strolling at the seashore this summer is liable to be dodging not only Frisbees in nine different colors and various sizes, but such knockoffs as Identified Flying Objects, Flying Saucers (at least two companies use that name), Fingers and Saucer Tossers, the latter in hot pink, lemon yellow or lime green.

"People of all ages love it," said one knockoffeer. "It's a staple in our line, a great summer item."

Wham-O won't reveal any sales figures for Frisbees except to say more of them have been sold in the last two years than in the previous 10. The Cosum Corporation in Minneapolis claims yearly sales of 300,000 to 500,000 Flying Saucers, and a spokesman for Continental Promotions, Inc., also in Minneapolis, says his company already has sold two million Saucer Tossers in 1970.

But it is the Frisbee—Pro Model, Mini, Regular, Moonlighter ("for sailing under the stars") and Master—that has the big share of the market, plus its own official historian, its own international association and its own game, Guts Frisbee, the highlight of the annual International Frisbee Tournament.

The tournament is usually staged at Eagle Harbor, on a Michigan peninsula that juts into Lake Superior, and most of the teams come from nearby towns: Laurium, Hancock, Copper Harbor, Hough-

ton and Calumet. It is copper country, but there isn't much mining going on and the area is depressed economically. The place needs a little fun to perk things up, like a weekend of beer, bratwurst and Frisbee. The 1970 tournament was staged recently on a high school football field in Calumet and drew the local Frisbee fanatics, plus platoons of eager participants from as far away as Massachusetts and California.

One who came on a return visit with his three sons was Frisbee's official historian, Dr. Stancel Johnson, a long-haired, prematurely gray psychiatrist from Sacramento. He not only is at work on a scholarly book about Frisbee, but he is acknowledged to have the most wicked forehead throw in the game, hard to control and even harder to catch (most players throw backhand). Dr. Johnson became a Frisbee freak when he was doing his residency in Iowa. "There's something naturally beautiful the first time you see a Frisbee fly," he says.

Also on hand was the spokesman for the sport, Wham-O Publicist Goldy Norton, known in the copper country as The Golden Finger of Frisbee. He used to write a radio show for Sportseater Vince Scully before this more important sport captured his attention. Goldy brought with him to Calumet approximately 1,000 Pro Models, all red-orange and all from mold 10. Some connoisseurs, who actually check the little raised number on the concave side of a Frisbee before they buy one in a store, grumbled that 10 was not a vintage mold but agreed that, after all, everyone would be flinging under the same handicap. Nobody tried to sneak in a Saucer Tosser.

A Saturday event was strictly preliminary to Sunday's bouts of Guts Frisbee. There was the inaugural game of Frisbee football, introduced by a group of young men from Boston calling themselves the Nat Love Nine. They made up the game, and it is actually more like soccer than football. No tackling. They explained the rules to a group of local yokels called the Keweenaw Liberation Front Swedestown Sweatshops and then proceeded to lose.

Doug Hovey of Royal Oak, Mich., won the accuracy contest, throwing a Frisbee through a tire from about 15 yards, which is more difficult than it sounds. Bob May of Berkeley, Calif., won the distance finals Sunday morning with



CHAMPION BOB MAY IS A DISTANCE MAN

a fling of about 85 yards, way past his closest rivals.

Then May, Dr. Johnson, Airlie Pilot Paul Richardson of Marengo, Ill., Labor Investigator George Anderson of Gary, Ind. and Attorney Hugh Anderson of Lansing, Mich., teamed up as the Foul Five to give a lesson in Guts Frisbee that Calumet will long remember.

In Guts, two teams of five men stand behind lines 15 yards apart and take turns throwing a Frisbee at each other. The throwing team gets a point if the receivers don't catch the Frisbee before it hits the ground. The receivers get a point if the throw is too low, too high or too wide. It must be caught cleanly in one hand. There is much bobbing and often the third or fourth man to touch the Frisbee makes the catch. First team to reach 21 points wins. A team must win by two points.

Those are the basics, but there are subtleties, such as placing the weakest men on the ends and catching the strange-spinning shots of a left-handed thrower.

The Foul Five, which had the hardest thrower in May, the best catcher in Pilot Richardson and the crazy forehand throws of Doc Johnson, beat Agnew's Army, the Losers, the Humbly Magnificent Champions of the Universe and the Swedetown Sweatshops before reaching the finals against the Highland Ave. Aces of Wilmette, Ill.

It was late Sunday afternoon, the heat had let up somewhat, the popcorn machine was empty and quiet and the Michigan State Police had long since ordered the beer stand shut down for reasons unexplained. Even the little children who had been throwing and chasing their Maag-Frisbees around the field all day gathered to watch the championship match.

The Aces, who had shown up with four men and been forced to take on publicist Goldy as a fifth, won the first game, but the Foul veterans settled down and won the second 21-15 and the third 21-17. Bob May's throws, which were caught only two or three times the entire day, went through the Aces like a flying knife.

Then the Foul Five received, as is traditional for the champ, the Julius T. Nachazel Memorial Trophy, named for an old Michigan Tech professor and made of a coffee-can lid and tin cans. It is Frisbee's highest honor.

END



FLAILING AFTER WHIZZING FRISBEES, THE PLAYERS ALL FELL DOWN A LOT.



... AND MISSED A FEW, BUT MADE ENOUGH REGULATION ONE-HAND CATCHES



... TO CREATE A FURIOUS BATTLE FOR THE COVETED INTERNATIONAL TITLE

*The 'lovely little guy' of San Diego,  
John Alessio—patron of the arts, friend  
of the poor and boss of that  
gaudery of gambling, Caliente—catches  
a tax rap that inspires  
some Californians to crocodile tears*

# JOHNNY IS IN AGUA HOT

by ALFRED WRIGHT



It is an adventure to send the spirit soaring. It takes not much more than two death-defying hours down the dicey freeways from Los Angeles to the border and then a mere 15 minutes more to the track itself. Those last few miles through the streets of Tijuana offer the ideal overture to the lyric setting beyond. The broad boulevards are lined with the corpses of yesteryear's cars and some of the most irresistibly evil bars and strip joints between Macao and Marrakesh. On a hill south of town—beyond the scaly old *jai alai* palace, beyond the clatrap bullring, beyond the withered golf course and out of earshot of all the small fry trying to sell their sisters—there looms the magnificently shabby Caliente racetrack itself. In its peeling, neo-Castilian grandeur it is a sight to bring an instant shiver of anticipation. For more than four decades



now it has been a glorious monument to the industry of greed.

By late Friday afternoon the traffic has begun to coagulate along the route to Caliente. Those who make it by nightfall can revel in a full card of greyhound racing until almost midnight and, with or without some recreation at the nearby fleshpots, return by Saturday noon for a dozen thoroughbred contests. While the prices on the final horse race are still blinking on the tote board, the quarter-mile track is being wheeled into place in front of the stands for another evening of dogs. And so it goes, day and night, night and day, dog and horse, horse and dog, until Monday morning.

Through it all, an infinity of betting windows offers exotic paths to riches. There is, of course, the routine daily

double. There are the quinella and the perfect and the 1-2-3 and Caliente's own 5-10, in which you are invited to pick the winners of six consecutive races. Although the track carves an initial 25% and more from each pool, the payoffs can be spectacular. A local nightclub character once drew a record \$98,063.80 from the 5-10, or so it is claimed.

As if all that were not enough, Caliente's Foreign Book opens in time for breakfast. The side of one entire room is covered with the entries, odds and results on half a dozen thoroughbred racetracks in the U.S. from Monday through Saturday, with betting wickets across the way to handle wagers on these faraway happenings. Every morning 500 or so scrofulous-looking addicts assemble there, their sandwiches and beer and coffee and racing forms spread out

continued

on the tables before them. Each spring Caliente also runs the largest winter hook on the Kentucky Derby, establishing odds that are accepted from Vegas to Tattersalls. The pitfalls in this sleepless emporium are almost too trivial to mention—such as mutual clerks who have a sleepy way of forgetting your change until a hostile glance reminds them of their oversight.

Too soon the curtain falls on a Caliente weekend. The Caddies, the dune buggies, the canopiers and countless items of motorized free-form sculpture line up at the border for immigration inspection. There they are joined by the alienados from the *citrada*, the *gai alai* freaks, the semi-nude surfers from Rosarita Beach and many other strays who have survived the margaritas, the salads and the friendly *señoritas*. It takes no more than two or three hours among the fumes of their restless cars before one is home-ward bound, officially cleared of trying to struggle pot to Stateside school kids.

Behind then is the domain of Johnny Alessio, "a lovely little guy," as almost anyone who knows him has sometime said. It is Johnny who has made Caliente what it is today, the largest legal gambling hook on the North American continent. Johnny is, indeed, the paradigm of a dying

American ethos—shoeshine boy to millionaire. In the expanding country village of San Diego, where he grew up, Alessio has assumed the panache of local folk hero. A couple of years ago he was awarded the honorific Book of Golden Deeds of the Exchange Club, a society of businessmen dedicated to golden deeds. The Jockey Guild of America named him Man of the Year in Racing in 1957 for introducing the plastic safety helmet at Caliente. In 1962 the Border Cities Conference presented him with a citation for "furthering the international relations between Mexican and American people." He was Mr. San Diego of 1964. Happy Chandler once commissioned Alessio a Kentucky colonel because he annually stages "the biggest Kentucky Derby party west of Louisville" at the Caliente track, with special Derby betting windows and closed-circuit television of the race. Bishop Francis J. Furey awarded Johnny an honorary doctorate of law from the Roman Catholic University of San Diego, which is quite a leap from the seventh grade, at which level Johnny abandoned academics to help support his family. His honors are, as the saying goes, endless.

So it comes as quite a jolt to discover that Alessio—the most influential San Diego "corporate head with diverse business interests," as ranked by a group of San Diego graduate students—is suddenly in the grip of the law. Early in April a federal grand jury indicted him for income-tax irregularities of \$434,649 over a four-year period starting in 1963. In the same action Johnny's son, Dominic—or Bud, as he is known—and three of Johnny's brothers were charged with more than \$861,000 of the same. The Government claims they used a lot of Caliente money for their own private purposes and then failed to list it as personal income.

The most influential "banker with corporate and industrial interests" in San Diego, according to the same students, is C. Arnold Smith, president of the U.S. National Bank and chairman of the San Diego Padres baseball team. Most of the \$70 million for the Padres' National League franchise came from "Arnie" Smith, as he is called by just about everyone around town, and Smith's daughter, Carol Smith Shannon, is president of the hall club. Smith is regarded as the major power in Republican Party politics at the southern end of California, having raised something in the neighborhood of \$1 million for President Nixon's 1968 campaign chest, a quarter of it purportedly from Smith's own pocket. At the time that Alessio's indictment was pending—a secret that had been on everyone's lips for months—Smith used his considerable influence in his friend Johnny's behalf. But nevertheless the indictment was filed—just one week before the statute of limitations would have run its course on the first of the four charges.

Thus, in their devious ways, sport and politics and intrigue get all tangled up together in what appears to be

*continued*



*Lighting up Caliente's luxurious luxuries for horse and dog players are ornate chandeliers collected from around the world*



**"I didn't have to parlez-vous  
to get the message.  
It wasn't the right travelers cheque."**



To Dick Tauber a travelers cheque was a travelers cheque. But to the garçon in the bistro near Fontainebleau, a travelers cheque should say "American Express" on it — and something else was something else.

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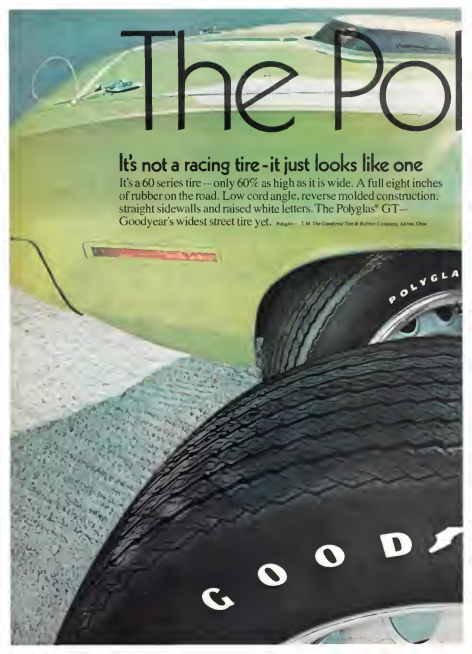
**B**EFORE Dick Tauber went off to Europe he made a little mistake.

As inexperienced travelers sometimes do, he asked the man at the bank for travelers cheques without mentioning American Express.

**American Express Travelers Cheques**

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FOR PEOPLE WHO TRAVEL



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POLYGLA

GOODYEAR

# Vyglas GT



about the sunnest, least complicated community on the whole Western shelf. California's thoroughbred horsemen have been suggesting—if oot boping—that this would happen for years, but lots of people thought they were just giving Johnny Alessio a bad time because he was oot one of them, didn't cut his jackets out of the same piece of tweed. For instance, there was the time back in the mid-1960s when Johnny came up with a gorgeous plan to take over the Del Mar racetrack, fix up its decaying grandstand, build a beautiful marina nearby and convert the entire place into Fort Lauderdale West.

Ever since it was started by Bing Crosby and his friends back in the '30s, the Del Mar racetrack has operated a cozy little summer meeting with something of a Saratoga social flavor. Because the track is only a skip and a jump from his home town, Alessio began to eye the place as soon as he had built himself a comfortable nest egg at Caliente. There was the urge to run a racetrack on the respectable side of the border, and it would give the good old civic image a boost. At first Johnny tried to buy the Del Mar lease from Clint Murchison Sr. and Sid Richardson, who had been using its profits to help support their charities. The deal for the lease was almost made

when those gilt-edged Texans backed off, allegedly under pressure from California horsemen. "I shook hands with Murchison Jr.," Alessio says with heat, "and then they reneged on me."

Four years ago the bidding was opened on a new Del Mar lease to begin in August, and Alessio jumped in with a syndicate of his friends called Del Mar Associates, Inc. While hearings were going on before the executive committee of the 22nd Agricultural Association District, which owns the plant and premises, a number of California's more prominent breeders and track operators were gang-ing up against the Alessio group, pointing out that the California Horse Racing Act specifically forbids gamblers from owning any interest in a racing establishment. What business the track owners think they are in is not clear.

Meanwhile, Alessio's friends were rallying to his side. San Diego's two major dailies, the *Union* and the *Evening Tribune*, owned by the rich and powerful and highly conservative Copley family, wrote glowingly and often of Johnny's value to the community. Governor Edmund G. (Pat) Brown, who had been well supported by Alessio's financial contributions through the years, made it clear on several occasions that he thought Alessio should have the

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leave. Brown pointed out that Alessio makes book only in Mexico, where it is legal, and that the Horse Racing Act did not mean to exclude legal gamblers. Alessio was both angered and hurt by all the opposition and said despairingly, "I don't want to be immodest, but I've been a wonderful fellow. All of a sudden I've turned out to be a bad guy." Johnny really talks like that.

As it turned out, there was no need for Johnny to worry. The lease was awarded to his group—even though some other San Diegans had made a higher bid—but the victory was brief. General Services Administration, a superagency of the California government that must approve all state contracts, vetoed the award on the grounds that the losing bid was higher, and the state legislature asked the attorney general's office to investigate the proceedings.

Here enters a rather shadowy individual named Lewis Lipton, a transplanted New Yorker who had been running restaurants in San Diego for 30 years. Like his friend Alessio, Lipton was an active civic figure in such things as the Elks and the YMCA. Lipton was serving on the board of the 22nd Agricultural District at the time the Del Mar lease was being considered. To make the web even more tangled, Lipton had been an employee of Arnolt Smith's U.S. National Bank and was a vice-president of the San Diego Padres. Among Alessio's partners in Del Mar Associates were Smith's daughter Carol and Harold S. Jurgensen, the owner of a chain of fancy grocery stores in California, who also serves as a director of the U.S. National Bank. "This entire procedure," the attorney general's report concluded, "should be studied by the Legislature, the Governor, and General Services, with the purpose of improving the protection of California public bidding procedures and safeguarding the subversion of the sanctity of the sealed bid."

Although it has no direct bearing on the Del Mar lease, it is interesting to note that Lipton, who has had such close business connections with Alessio and Smith, had been arrested for bookmaking in San Diego in 1938 and had been cavorting around under the name of Felix Aguirre. Charges were dismissed for lack of evidence, and the records have since been mysteriously lifted from the files of the San Diego Police Department.

Following the imbroglio over the Del Mar lease, Alessio dropped all further efforts to run the place, but there is still a bitter taste in his mouth when he thinks of it. Driving past there one day not long ago, Johnny mused sadly on what had happened. "I cannot understand why the people at Hollywood Park and Del Mar take this vicious attitude toward me," he said. "I am John S. Alessio, U.S. citizen. And yet they have harassed me continuously because they are the power. All these nice people in San Diego—all the best citizens—ask me to head up a syndicate and join in the bidding, and then they take it away



*Following an afternoon of 12 thousand races, the quarter-mile greyhound track is wheeled into place for the late show.*

from me and give it to the other people. Give it away. I was going to put \$150 million into a beautiful resort there, and now they will have nothing, no improvements, nothing. I can't be a good guy on one side of the street, and a bad guy on the other. I am at a loss to understand."

The Californians who oppose Alessio prefer to stalk him in the high grass. They will talk frankly enough about him, but not for attribution. "For one thing," said a California track official, "I don't think a man who is making book on California races should be running one of our tracks. It presents too many temptations." Alessio replies that it is not he but his brother Russell who operates the Foreign Book at Caliente. Johnny explains he is simply the executive director of the racetrack. It is a distinction that falls on deaf ears.

From the handsomely manicured breeding ranches of the Central Valley to the executive suites at Santa Anita and Hollywood Park the chant of the snipers has a repetitive ring to it, prefaced always by "Keep me out of this but . . ." or "I don't want to get personally involved but . . ." They point out that Johnny likes to hang around the baths at La Costa with all those types from Las Vegas in their Silkta terry cloths or to enjoy the view and the company from the terrace of Cabo San Lucas. They remind you how Johnny's brother Russ was convicted of racketeering in San Diego not long ago and how baby brother Tony was strangely abducted and held for \$200,000 ransom. "Don't quote me," they keep telling you, "but I don't think this kind of fellow should be running a racetrack in California."

Not too many people around San Diego care to think of John Alessio in these terms, however, and those who do are generally regarded as troublemakers. The popular

*continued*

image is that of the self-made tycoon, civic benefactor and philanthropist. They know that through his ownership in Westgate-California Corporation, a holding company that is intertwined with virtually all the business interests of Alessio and Arnholt Smith, Johnny touches just about everybody's life at one point or another. Ride in a taxicab in San Francisco, Los Angeles or Oakland and not just your health but your wallet is indirectly in Alessio's hands. Pour some Girard's salad dressing on your lettuce, and Johnny is titillating your taste buds. Eat a little tuna or salmon or crab, and the chances are that one of Johnny's men has caught or packed it. Around the airports of the West Coast, one of Alessio's chaps may be hustling your luggage or driving you into the city in one of his buses. He may even hold a policy on your life or good health.

Which is not bad for a fellow who started with a shoeshine stand on the corner of Fifth and E Streets. Johnny's father had been a coal miner in West Virginia, and when his lungs gave out he brought his wife and seven sons to California on a chair car, arriving in San Diego one fine day in April 1920. The boys ranged in age from 18-year-old Frank to 6-year-old Tony, with John, age 10, somewhere in the middle.

Everyone worked, and when Johnny started his shoeshine stand one of his regular customers was C. Arnholt Smith, already tall, handsome and sun-tanned. Arnie Smith was a high school dropout and then a grocery clerk, but he wisely transferred to A. P. Giannini's Bank of Italy, where he learned about finance. By the time little Johnny Alessio was tending his shoes, Arnie Smith was already building the rundown U.S. National Bank into the city's second-largest financial institution.

Alessio was 19 years old and still shining Arnie Smith's shoes (a few snide types claim he does even today) when they tore down the building on Fifth and E. It was the Depression and jobs were scarce, so Smith steered Johnny to a messenger's job at the Banco del Pacifico across the border in Tijuana.

Those were the glory days of the border town. It was the nearest legal drink for Californians, so 40,000 of them would flood the place on weekends. For a time Tijuana combined something of the glamour of Deauville along with the plastic culture of modern Las Vegas. Rita Casino was discovered dancing there and hauled off to Hollywood to have her last name changed to Hayworth. B. P. Schulberg (Bludd's father), Joe Schenck and Sid Grauman made it part of their weekend drill. The Colforth Handicap, the world's first \$100,000 purse for thoroughbreds, was run there. Then came that sad Saturday night in August 1935. Lazaro Cardenas had lately been inaugurated President of Mexico, and one of his early official acts was to shut down the nation's gambling. No one yet knows whether it was out of idealism or pique at not getting a

decent presidential cut of the vigorish. Still it was a night to remember. Among the many, Howard Hughes and Cary Grant were in the Agua Caliente casino with the Moffett sisters, New York's most dashing young society debutantes, while Hughes' great steam yacht rode at anchor in San Diego harbor.

All this time John Alessio was diligently improving his status at the Banco del Pacifico. By 1943 he was the manager, and by that time politics had changed and it had been arranged for Caliente to resume on-track betting and bookmaking activities. Despite some rather shabby management, the track prospered through the war years under the patronage of San Diego's sailors and aircraft workers, but in 1947 Alessio was summoned from the bank to put the track's affairs in order.

Within the year a major scandal exploded at Banco del Pacifico. Without proper authority from the parent bank in Mexico City, Alessio had arranged overdrafts of some \$4 million for the financially distressed Tecate Brewing Co., one of his largest customers. Johnny was arrested and sat in a Tijuana jail for 117 days pending trial. Then, in the mysterious way of Mexican justice, he was released and all charges were dropped. By a happy coincidence, it turned out that the father of Alberto Aldrete Jr., the head of the brewery, was a close political ally of President Miguel Aleman, and the two of them kept a firm grip on the more profitable aspects of life in the state of Baja California, including the Caliente racetrack.

Soon afterward further embezzlement charges were filed



Arnie Smith (above, right) gets his Mr. San Diego planner's from banker A. J. Sutherland in 1964. They became friends

in San Francisco against Tecate, Aldrete Jr. and Alessio. These were based on a fraudulent loan obtained by the brewery from a San Francisco corporation through the Banco del Pacifico. Alessio drove to San Francisco and surrendered voluntarily, but the indictment against him was soon dropped on the grounds that he had not even been in San Francisco at the time of the alleged swindle. The others were convicted.

The district attorney of San Francisco at the time was Pat Brown, and he and Alessio have been fast friends ever since. Well aware of how so many of the state's racing people put down Alessio, Brown stoutly supports his friend. "I have the greatest admiration for him as a person," Brown said recently. "I didn't interfere at the time of the Del Mar lease, but I thought his group could do the better job. I don't see any reason why he should be disbarred from racing in California. There is no reason why gambling on racing should be holy water on one side of the border and devil's ointment on the other. And I'd like to add that Alessio is one of the finest little men I ever knew." To back up his sentiments, Brown usually turns up to stand by Johnny's side whenever Alessio is dedicating a new building or hotel.

Local legend runs that Alessio's permanent appointment in 1953 as executive director of Caliente was his reward for having taken the rap in the Tecate Brewery bustup. But the track's true ownership has always been obscured by the usual Mexican *neblina* in such matters. Around the premises Alessio is indeed the boss, all 5' 7" of him bus-

tling from terrace boxes to counting rooms like a mother hen, his gray-black hair in perfect pompadour and his chubby little figure splendidly tailored in shiny mohair. Dale Carnegie himself could take lessons. The decor, too, is pure Alessio: the dozen chandeliers (an Alessio hangup) that Johnny has collected the world over, including one dazzling example that surmounts the saddling enclosure and might well have come from the *Trianon* at Versailles; also the murals of Caesar Rodriguez, a Tijuana cop whose glossy oils of jockeys and horses are among Johnny's favorite works of art.

Yet there can be little doubt that Alemán and some of his cronies help call the shots and share in the profits. Johnny often speaks enigmatically of having to go to Mexico City to consult his "directors," and it is they who usually get the blame when the critics get rough—such as the time a few years ago when Alessio discontinued Caliente's annual Christmas party for the area's underprivileged, a moving scene in which Johnny would personally hand out gifts to upward of 15,000 waifs and their parents patiently queued up for hundreds of yards.

On the other hand, when Alessio's attorneys replied to some interrogatories in his current tax indictment, a listing of the directors of the Hipódromo de Tijuana, as the track is legally incorporated, turned up nothing but a bunch of guys named Jose. Only six of the 21 have an address in Mexico City (the rest are from Tijuana), and no one was named Alemán or anything else reminiscent of the catcrans of Mexican politics. It may be years—if ever—before the suit reaches court and anything definite is learned of the opining affairs of Caliente.

In the meantime Alessio is giving the California racing Establishment something new to stew over. A year ago Johnny invited 2,000 or so of his friends to celebrate the opening of a lovely new "training track" called San Luis Rey Downs. Some 15 miles inland from Oceanside in one of Southern California's gentlest valleys, San Luis Rey Downs will be little more than an hour from Los Angeles and less than half an hour from San Diego once the new freeway that will run close by is completed. The track itself is a one-mile oval ideally suited for all kinds of horse racing and even has a 15-acre lake in the infield for scenic effect.

The whole area, with its golf course and shopping center and condominiums and estate homes and miles of bridle paths, is one of the latest projects of Westgate-California, the ubiquitous holding company so entwined with the destinies of Johnny Alessio and his old friend, Arne Smith. Naturally, the question on everyone's mind is: Can a one-time shoeshine boy from San Diego put up a great big grandstand at San Luis Rey Downs and finally breach the fortress of respectable Stateside racing that has so far resisted him at every turn?

Asked the question directly, Alessio just smiles and says, "You never can tell what might happen."

END



from civic leader Fred Hedblom in 1961, and Johnny Alessio gets after meeting around a shoebox, Johnny smiling.

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We're handy to have around.





The 1920s were years of hero worship, and among the shiniest of the heroes were the decade's sport figures. Two of the brightest—because they were to peaceful in private and so brutal at work—were Jack Dempsey, the Manassa Mauler, boxing's heavyweight champion; and Edward (Strangler) Lewis, king of a sport believed equally violent—at least in those days—pro wrestling.

A 185-pound former amateur baseball player, Lewis met his future manager, Billy Sandow, when the latter was teaching the doughboys of World War I the tricks of lethal infighting. In the years just after the war, Sandow helped Lewis develop his famous headlock and made him the most popular personality in wrestling as well as its heavyweight champion.

During those same years, Jack Kearns was doing the same kind of promotion for Dempsey, although the Manassa Mauler needed no cooperation from opponents to do his thing. Wherever they went in the '20s, Dempsey and Lewis were sellouts. Once Dempsey drew a \$1,000 gate for an exhibition bout in Kansas City and two days later Lewis showed up and sold out the same hall two nights running. It was natural then that an eager sporting public, its enthusiasm fanned by the puffs of press-agency, should demand a meeting of the two in a no-holds-barred match.

Such sporting *misalliances* were not unknown in those days. Several good boxers had been matched in earlier years against wrestlers, usually with the same result—the punning of the boxer. Probably the most famous such event occurred in 1921 in Reno, when Farmer Burns, although retired as a top wrestler, easily dispatched an active, well-known middleweight named Billy Papke.

Despite this lopsided history, a Dempsey-Lewis match had quite a bit going for it, not the least of which was the nature of Kearns and Sandow. Neither was likely to miss an easy buck and at times the mixed match appeared to be a most lucrative proposition. Sandow was the originator of most of the talk. Envisioning a record payday, he issued a challenge to Dempsey and Kearns on March 16, 1922 through J. L. Ray, sporting editor of the Nashville *Banner*.

"I mean business," said Sandow. "Let him [Kearns] deposit a check for \$5,000 as I have done on the behalf of Lewis and the match will most assuredly be

## The Strangler vs. The Mauler

by LYNN R. MUCKEN

staged. Our money is up and we stand ready to deposit another \$5,000 when Kearns puts up the money for Dempsey. And my personal wager of \$5,000 still stands that Lewis can beat Dempsey inside of 20 minutes in any ring in the world." The \$5,000 guarantee was a favorite gimmick of Sandow's. From here it seems that Lewis' manager must have spent at least half his time writing checks. Within the next nine months he wrote no less than five although none ever saw a cashier's hand.

Kearns replied promptly, but there, for the moment, plans stopped. Kearns packed Dempsey off to Europe for a series of exhibitions and Lewis went on defending his title in almost every city in America against the local hopefuls. Resurrection of the issue did not come until that December when Sandow, with whom the idea had become something of a fixation, began upping the ante while the American press responded with an avalanche of publicity.

The New York *Evening Telegram* had renewed the challenge on its sports pages, as did the Washington *Dimes*, Nashville *Banner* and Boston *Evening American*. Walter Eckersall, a sports writer for the Chicago *Tribune*, even went so far as to create a fictional match between the pair in which Lewis came out the victor in a bloody 38-minute battle. Dempsey landed his "one punch," but only after he had been so weakened by the clever Lewis that the blow lacked its vaunted deadliness.

Even the proposed participants joined the fun, each outlining his view of the probable outcome and the tactics he would employ. Dempsey, in a story in the Rochester (N.Y.) *American* of Dec. 10, 1922, noted that "if the match ever went through, I think I'd be mighty tempted to try to beat that wrestler at his own game. I've done a lot of wrestling as part of my preliminary training and I think I've got the old toehold and headlock down close to perfection. If I can win the first fall from him, I'll begin to use my fists. But I've got a funny

little hunch that maybe I can dump him without rapping him on the chin." This declaration was not just publicity talk, according to persons who knew Dempsey. He really had done some wrestling in his younger days, and though he was not very successful at it, he firmly believed he could lick anyone on the mat.

Lewis had his moments of glory also, and in a syndicated story told of his plans: "You must understand that in such a contest I would be allowed to use my feet and legs. I can throw myself, feet forward, at least 15 feet. In doing so, I believe I could break the leg of a man like Dempsey, who is not used to wrestling. If I do not care to do this, I could cover up long enough to get hold of him, and once I got hold, he would not have a chance, because he does not know how to break wrestling holds and I am stronger than he is. Of course there is one chance in a thousand that he might hit me with a punch hard enough to knock me out before I could get hold of him, but that is only one chance. I am sincere about the match and will put up \$25,000 in real money to bet that I can beat him."

Lewis' \$25,000 bet, Sandow's bevy of \$5,000 checks and the side bets expanded with the ballyhoo. On Dec. 17, newspapers reported that Tom Law, a Wichita, Kans. promoter, had wired Kearns the following message in New York: AM AUTHORIZED BY WICHITA ADVERTISING CLUB SUPPORTED BY FIVE PROMINENT MEN TO OFFER PURSE OF THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR DEMPSEY-LEWIS MIXED MATCH TO BE HELD IN WICHITA NOT LATER THAN JULY FOURTH NINETEEN TWENTY THREE. WITH FIRST ARENA SEAT FIFTY THOUSAND AT AVIATION FIELD. BILLY SANDOW HAS POSTED FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS WITH WICHITA ADVERTISING CLUB IN AGREEMENT TO STAGE MATCH HERE. WIRE ANSWER.

This offer prompted Kearns to keep the game going. He announced such a match was obviously the will of the people and that its realization within the

continued

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# Strangler vs. Mauler continued

next year was all but certain. Shortly thereafter, in Los Angeles, Sandow and Lewis were scheduled to meet Dempsey and Kearns to shoot publicity pictures and hash over terms of a contract. Only three of the four showed up. Lewis, now beginning the easy life which eventually led to his parting with Sandow, had been arrested and charged with assault while driving back from a party in Tijuana, Mexico. The charges eventually were dropped and the incident hushed up, but the key meeting never came off.

A couple of weeks later, according to an AP story out of San Francisco, Lewis disclosed that Sandow and Kearns had signed for the Wichita match, with Dempsey being guaranteed \$200,000 and Lewis taking a share of the profits. But Lew, the proposed matchmaker, denied such an agreement had been signed. After that, as abruptly as it had started, conversation on the subject all but ceased. Sandow tried to keep it going, claiming at one point that the owner of an aircraft company had agreed to build a stadium for the match in Tijuana. He later wrote one of his famous \$5,000 checks on the possibility of a match in Kansas City. But the idea, probably beaten to death by the excess of publicity, claims and counterclaims, never caught on again. In 1927, after his partnership with Sandow had broken up, Lewis suggested a bout with a rising heavyweight lighter named Jim Maloney in Boston, but nobody took him seriously despite his offer to bet \$10,000 at 10-to-8 odds.

Just why the mixed match never materialized is unclear. Sandow, now 85 and living in Portland, Ore., says he was always serious, as were Lewis and Dempsey. The difficulty, he says, was Kearns, who had taken an earlier fling at the wrestling game and ended up losing money after one of his charges was "upset" in a big match. In truth, it appears that Kearns encouraged the talk for publicity purposes only (although he seems to have been tempted by some of the gigantic guarantees offered by Sandow, especially at the time of the L.A. meeting) and then abandoned the idea when it had been milked of all its potential. Aware of the history of previous boxer-wrestler encounters, Kearns—himself a master of the double cross—probably was just too smart to risk an engagement with a wrestler who might elect to "shoot," regardless of previous arrangements.

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## 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE

# THE READERS TAKE OVER

### PROPER MEASURES

Sirs:

I have just finished reading the article *Tom-  
my Bolt, Frank Deford* (July 20) and can't  
help making some remarks about it. First of  
all, I think that those concerned (SI includ-  
ed) should be barking up another tree. Time  
and time again, I have heard it said that base-  
ball is a game of inches, as in, "If it were not  
for an inch, our man would have gotten a  
double down the foul line and won the  
game," etc. Last year they complained about  
the mound being too high, bad lighting and  
so forth. Now they claim the lively ball is tak-  
ing over. When will all this nonsense cease  
and the people in baseball sit back and exam-  
ine the most important problem?

Nothing at all has been said about the  
vast differences in ball parks. How can there  
be a fair determination of pennant winners  
when one of the contenders plays in a park  
with shorter fences? How many of Roger  
Maris' 61 homers were down the 296-foot  
right-field line? Would Roberto Clement  
have won all those batting titles if the rock-  
hard Forbes Field infield had been normal?  
Would Sandy Koufas have won as many  
games for the Dodgers if they had had a hit-  
ter's park like Wrigley Field?

I think these are the questions that base-  
ball officials should be thinking about. They  
should have standardized ball parks. They  
should have had them long ago.

Think for a moment, also, what would de-  
velop from such a condition in other sports.  
Examples, the Atlanta Hawks lower their  
basket to nine feet because they want a short-  
er, faster team; the Chicago Black Hawks  
widen the mouths of their goals in order to  
get more Hull shots in (Esposito can cover  
the additional space); the Buffalo Bills widen  
their field to utilize O.J.'s corner-cutting abil-  
ity. These all may sound absurd, but that's  
exactly the way it is in baseball.

It seems to me that baseball is blowing  
smoke when it says it is a game of inches  
and forgets about 75 feet!

RAYMOND KENNETH FILZ

Atlanta

Sirs:

Apparently a number of individuals and  
a few testing firms have gone to a great  
deal of trouble—making comparison tests,  
freezing, frying, etc.—to answer a question  
that most readers, I'm sure, are familiar  
with. "Is the baseball leather or not?" As  
of today there are various opinions yet no  
definite ways of finding a true answer. There-  
fore why not forget it and play ball?

J. C. CRYN

Washington

### MUS HULLABALOO (CONT.)

Sirs:

In his article about sport's coexistence  
with the city of Boston (*The Hub Men*, July  
13), Frank Deford showed much more  
knowledge and reason than anyone who has  
previously written on the subject. However,  
no one should get the impression that the  
Boston professional sports community can  
and will survive without a modern—or at  
least adequate—facility. When the ancient  
walls of Fenway literally start to crack, no  
one, including Tom Yawkey, is going to  
want to pick up the repair tab. Although the  
statement was quickly forgotten, Yaw-  
key said three years ago that unless he got  
a new stadium he would take the Red Sox  
out of Boston. Losing money was the reason,  
of course. But that was in 1967, and then the  
Red Sox suddenly started winning  
ball games, which meant that Yawkey was  
winning at the gate. But when the Sox cease  
to play over 500 ball and return to their pre-  
1967 accomplishments, Uncle Tom's ex-  
cessive royalties will also cease, and he will  
once again get on the stadium bandwagon.  
Those who found it very easy to say no to  
the weak Patriots (who just might have found  
a home) will find it much harder to say no  
to Yawkey and the Red Sox, who, as De-  
ford very observantly pointed out, carry  
more weight in Boston than any other sports  
team, and a few politicians as well.

HARLEY PLESHAW

Methuen, Mass.

Sirs:

Frank Deford's article was interesting and  
amusing, but I found his conclusions both  
specious and facile. If the city of Boston is  
a step ahead in its attitude toward building  
a stadium, then God help the world of pro-  
fessional sports. Television cannot and will  
never be a substitute for actually being  
present at a game. Any true fan of any  
sport has to go into cardiac arrest at De-  
ford's reasoning.

We in Buffalo have been fighting tooth  
and nail for our dome. If it is not built we  
will sink right back into the bush league—  
and we get Channel 2 real clear.

SOPHIE SCHOTTIN

Buffalo

### KAPPSULES

Sirs:

Having just read the first installment of  
Joe Kapp's story (*A Man of Machismo*, July  
20 or so), I am disappointed to see that  
he omitted his most spectacular play. As  
usual with Joe, it was a broken play upon  
which he capitalized. Against Oregon in

1958, with his Cal team on its own eight-yard line, Joe missed the hand-off and—flooded to eat the ball—ducked through a hole off guard and was 40 yards downfield before he was spotted. Given a 40-yard lead, even Joe couldn't miss that 92-yard TD!

DICK DEAN

Colorado Springs, Colo.

Sirs:

I'M A MAN! I'M A MAN! I'M A MAN! Shout it often enough, have enough fights, rabble-rouse with the boys, talk dirty about the girls and before long the world will believe it. But how about Joe Kapp? Will he believe it? Self-doubt is, indeed, an uncomfortable mental state, particularly if the national press is to be the therapeutic medium. As someone once said, methinks the gentleman doth protest too much.

DAN GAGG

New York City

Sirs:

Regarding Joe Kapp's first article, I can testify as to just how tough he is. I was getting my hand started in Pacoma about the same time he was growing up, and to say you saw a guy lying in his own blood once in a while is a definite understatement. I don't know Joe, but I know that anybody who grew up in that neighborhood is now very tough or very dead or very lucky.

RONALDO ARCHIBO GARCIA

Northridge, Calif.

#### CHANCE WELL TAKEN

Sirs:

Congratulations to you and Author Hugh Whill for the most discerning and timely article on Yacht Designer Breton Chance whose redesigned *Intercept* has the entire world of competitive sailing agog. *Intercept* *New Chance at the Cup*, July 13).

It may interest you to know that in the last three races of the Texas Ocean Racing Circuit, Designer Chance's first stock ocean racer, PT-30 No. 1, had the cream of western Gulf skippers wide-eyed as she outslided, boat for boat, Cal 40s and other equally large and hot competitors, and left other 30-footers and boats of her own rating hours behind. All indications are that Chance's daring to be decidedly different has created a real breakthrough in ocean racing circles, too.

RENN G. SMITH

La Porte, Texas

#### THE AAU SAGA

Sirs:

In his article (*Zur' We Neuvel*) *Gor Guf-fermed*, July 20) Pat Putnam dissected the Amateur Athletic Union with the finesse of a child practicing surgery. His diagnosis was that we suffered from "tunnel vision." Let me suggest that if anyone suffers from my-

continued

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If that's how you feel you don't know the facts. Write for a free booklet to The President's Committee on Mental Retardation, Washington, D.C.



**16TH HOLE** (Continued)

cept it is Mr. Putnam, for he has been, consciously or not, blind to the facts.

Athletes were told that they would travel as a team simply because it is unfair to drop a man from an event at the whim of another athlete. We are not about to go without dessert, to use Mr. Putnam's metaphor, neither are we about to hand an athlete a piece of the cake and then snatch it back before he takes a bite. If he has made the sacrifice (and in most cases this European trip represents, at the very least, the loss of earnings from a summer job), then an athlete has the right to expect that he will be allowed to compete. Mr. Putnam may attack this as "tunnel vision," but it seems to us the honorable relationship between the athletes and the AAU.

The AAU is also chastised for giving its athletes only board, room and \$2 a day. If Mr. Putnam had done a modicum of research on this point, he would have discovered that this is regulated by the IAAF, the international body controlling track and field, and that, until such time as that body modifies its rules to include a more realistic per diem allowance, the AAU is compelled to obey its laws.

In the future we hope that Mr. Putnam will check with us before he begins his next assault upon the AAU.

JIM A. PARSONS

President

Amateur Athletic Union of the U.S.  
New York City

Sirs:

Like a good many other people, I used to give the benefit of the doubt to the AAU in its Orwellian, perpetual state of war with the NCAA and the latter's alter ego, USTF. After reading Pat Putnam's absorbing story of the Paris meet, I now feel about them roughly the way the Weathermen feel about the Democrats and Republican parties.

JOHN RICHARD

Barrington Hills, Ill.

**ALTIMO STATUS**

Sirs:

Jack Nicklaus has clearly established himself on a par with golf's all-time greats: Jones, Hagen, Sarazen, Nelson, Snead and Hogan (*Vince in the Valley of Sin*, July 20). Here's hoping the sportswriters and commentators will begin to acknowledge this, at least to the extent of differentiating between pure golfing ability and crowd-pleasing showmanship. It would help to educate the large percentage of fans who still fail to recognize and appreciate the former.

R. WIDENMAYER

San Francisco

Address editorial mail to TIME & LIFE Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020



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"Whose Keys?"  
"King Henry's Keys..."

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